

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *The Physical Geography of the Sea.* By Lieut. Maury, U. S. Navy. London and New York: 1856.
2. *Arctic Explorations in the Years 1853, 1854, and 1855.* By Dr. Kane, U. S. Navy. Philadelphia: 1856.
3. *Considérations Générales sur l'Océan Atlantique.* Par Philippe de Kerhallet. Paris: 1853.

AMONG the many titles to fame of the venerable Humboldt, none is so highly merited or so peculiar to himself, as that earned by his labors on the Physical History and Geography of the Globe. In the earlier days of this Review the teaching of geography, as then understood and practised amongst us, was a dry and barren task; tedious to the teacher, distasteful and of slender profit to the scholar. Bald catalogues of easily forgotten names (*locorum nuda nomina*, as Pliny calls them), uninformed by science and scantily illustrated by history, formed the staple of the study. Nor was any part of education more defaced by the coarser mechanism of book-making. Errors of fact, and even of nomenclature, were perpetuated from one edition or compilation to another, with little regard to original accuracy, or to the changes going on in the world. And even where some fragment of history or physical science broke in upon the network of names, it was often of doubtful authenticity, or too partial and detached to give real knowledge or gain hold on the memory. This is not an exaggerated view of the manner in which geography was generally taught in England down to a recent period.\*

\* The progress made in the last quarter of a century in the philosophical study of the earth is nowhere more perceptible than in the books of geographical reference to which we have now ready access. At the head of these we have great pleasure in placing Messrs. Fullarton's "Gazetteer of the World," or, as it is more properly entitled, "Dictionary of Geographical Knowledge,"—a work which has recently been completed, and which combines to a remarkable extent comprehensive views of the physical geography of the globe with a vast amount of political and statistical information, and all the minuteness and accuracy which is required in a dictionary of places. We know no book of equal excellence on these subjects in any other language. Not less meritorious,

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The more exact study of history had already improved the methods and extended the sphere of geography, before physical science had fairly annexed itself to the subject, creating new associations, of high interest in themselves, and fertile in their influence on the condition and welfare of mankind. We have spoken of Humboldt as the philosopher who especially contributed to the establishment of Physical Geography as a branch of science. The natural phenomena, indeed, upon which it is founded, being ever present and patent to observation, could not have escaped record; and this record was becoming continually more copious, through its connection with other branches of natural knowledge. But there was yet wanting a clear specification of the scope and objects of the science thus gradually evolving itself, and of the methods best fitted for their attainment. It is here that we owe to Humboldt's peculiar genius, aided by the vast resources derived from travel and personal observation, not merely the definition of the objects in view, but their illustration by those various writings and researches which will carry his name to posterity. The globe has been to him much more than a mere superficial delineation of land and sea, of mountains and rivers, of terrestrial divisions and other human landmarks. His researches have comprised, under a closer and more connected view, those great physical characters of the earth's surface, through which alone we can learn the changes it has undergone or is yet undergoing;—the physical elements and forces which have been concerned, or are still active, in producing these changes;—and the agents and means by which change is limited and general stability maintained.

In assigning to Humboldt the foremost place among those who have given to Physical Geography the name and character of a science, we must add that this great field

though more compendious, are Mr. Keith Johnston's contributions to geographical literature. The Gazetteer which bears his name is remarkable for its completeness; and his Atlas of the United States of America supplies a deficiency which has long been felt on both sides of the Atlantic.

has since been full of laborers, zealous in their work, and bringing to it numerous aids and appliances furnished by other branches of natural knowledge. Scarcely, in truth, is there one which has not been made to contribute directly or indirectly to Physical Geography, in the full meaning of the term. When earth, ocean, and atmosphere all come within its sphere, as well as those great and mysterious forces—gravitation, heat, light, and electricity—by which these several elements of our planet are so powerfully and incessantly acted upon, it will be seen how closely the subject is linked with every other research into the world of nature around us. Our countrywoman, Mrs. Somerville, has well expanded these relations in her admirable volumes on Physical Geography. The Physical Atlas of Berghaus, a valuable German work, preceded the publication in this country of the more extensive and elaborate "Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena" by Mr. A. Keith Johnston, of which it would be difficult to speak in terms above the mark of its actual merits, embracing every part of the subject it delineates to the eye as well as the mind, and far better than by any verbal description, those complex relations of physical phenomena on the globe, which are the true foundation of Physical Geography.

Of all branches of science, none comes so largely in aid of our knowledge of the present condition of the globe as the wonderful conclusions Geology has drawn from the condition of the globe in former ages. Such are, the power obtained, through the study of fossil remains, of identifying strata in localities the most remote, and thus fixing the common epoch of certain states or changes of the crust of the globe;—the facts discovered, proving the gradual upheaval of portions of the earth's surface, and the slow depression of others;—the proofs from the inclination and contortions of strata, from the alterations of the older strata, and from the position and elevation of the unstratified rocks, that various changes, more abrupt and violent, have occurred from subterranean forces;—the evidence derived from the direction, parallelism, and other aspects of mountain chains, as to periods of contemporaneous elevation—the influences upon climate of lands elevated above the sea or depressed below it;—and further, the whole history of

that coral creation, by which, under the slow working of microscopic forms of animal life, islands and reefs are raised from the depth of the ocean, to become the habitation of other and higher existences.

We have thus far spoken of Physical Geography in its largest acceptation. But the rapid extension of all science of late years has naturally led to subdivisions, ever becoming more special, as facts have multiplied and new fields have been laid open. Even in those profound researches of our own time, directed to prove the intimate physical connection, if not identity, of certain of the great agents which govern the movements and changes of our globe, and probably of other animated worlds, and thus to concentrate physical facts and laws within a closer circle, these divisions are still necessary to guide to ulterior labor, and to give method and precision to its results.

Physical geography has just been submitted to this process of division; and the phrase of "Physical Geography of the Sea," proposed by Humboldt to express it, is the title of the first of the works now before us. Under this title, its author, Lieutenant Maury of the United States Navy, includes all that concerns the great domain of waters over the globe—the oceans, seas, and basin lakes into which they are distributed;—their various depth, temperature, and saltness;—the currents which permanently or periodically pervade them;—the phenomena of the tides; the phenomena of winds, whether constant or irregular, whether the gentle and steady trade breeze, or the hurricane and cyclone;—the law of evaporation belonging to different latitudes of the watery world;—the less known, yet certain agency of magnetic or electrical forces;—and the mutual influence of ocean and land in all these physical actions and changes. This summary statement shows how vast and various are the objects in the division of science thus proposed. We find further reason for its adoption in the importance of all these objects to the principles and practice of navigation; a consideration of supreme weight in these days, when the ocean in its every part is covered with ships; shaped in new forms, moved by new forces, destined to new shores, and seeking to attain by new routes the highest speed or transit. Facts and phenomena, before un-

observed, or barren of result, are now eagerly appropriated, and, by the science and ingenuity of man, made to minister to the great purposes of human intercourse over the globe. The ocean, once an obstacle, has become the high road of nations. If steam has worked its wonders on the land, so it has also on the sea; and under a form surpassing, in grandeur of force and effect, all the other operations of this great agent of human power. Iron, that material which ministers in such endless ways to the uses of man, has scarcely less efficiency on the ocean than on land; and we have at this moment in progress before our eyes, a gigantic application of it to the building and propulsion of what may better be called a moving maritime City than a ship; which, if successful in the issue, may effect mighty changes in the course of commerce and navigation over all the seas of the globe.

Acquiescing fully, then, in the name and distinction of "Physical Geography of the Sea," we may add that we consider Lieut. Maury a worthy interpreter of the great phenomena included under this title. Attached as Superintendent to the National Observatory at Washington, he has used this honorable position, with much zeal and high intelligence, in forwarding objects of singular importance to his own country and to ours, and of general interest to all the nations of the world. He published some years ago his "Wind and Current Charts," a valuable precursor of the present volume. To his assiduity, working through and seconded by his government, we owe that conference held at Brussels in August, 1853, in which were found representatives from England, France, the United States, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Portugal, occupied, at the very time when war sternly impended over Europe, in organizing plans for those co-operative labors on the ocean, those methodical records of winds, currents, tides, and temperature, which provide for the peaceful interests and progress of commercial navigation over the globe. Austria, Prussia, the Hanse Towns, Spain, and Brazil, subsequently offered their co-operation in the same great scheme. With observations thus multiplied on every side,—the log even of the common merchant brig being admitted to its share in the work,—facts will speedily become numerous enough to yield

results of the highest certainty and value. The method of averages, now so potent an aid to all research, has especial application here, furnishing a secure road to conclusions which no detached observations could reach.

Though Lieut. Maury claims all seas for his province, the larger portion of his volume is occupied with the great ocean which separates the Old from the New World; a very natural effect of the supreme importance of the Atlantic in the commerce of nations, and of the greater knowledge thus attained of all its physical phenomena. It will be seen that we have given place on our list to another work, by Captain Philippe de Kerballet of the French Navy, having more especial relation to this ocean; less scientific in its character than that of Lieut. Maury, and less animated and vigorous in its descriptive part, but nevertheless containing much that is of great practical value for navigation.

We place further before our readers the title of another book, "Arctic Explorations in the Years 1853, 1854, and 1855, by Dr. Kane," partly because it is the latest record of discovery in the physical geography of the sea, partly because this record is contained in one of the most interesting and pathetic narratives it has ever fallen to our lot to peruse. The discovery itself has close kindred in many ways with others before made in the same stern regions of ice, winter, darkness, and desolation. What had been before described as a closed inlet of the sea, at the northern extremity of Baffin's bay, was found to be a strait, leading due northwards, and followed by Dr. Kane's party—with ship and sledge, and human eye stretching beyond—to latitude 82°; leaving a distance thence to the North Pole scarcely exceeding that between London and Aberdeen. At this remote point it is that we obtain the great result of this perilous and painful voyage—the spectacle of a wide open sea, stretching northwards beyond the dense barrier of ice which jams up the entrance of the strait; and giving the best evidence we yet possess that such sea spreads freely forwards to the pole. We are bound to say, however, that this notion of an open polar sea still awaits further confirmation. Dr. Kane himself, retained by illness in his vessel, was not of the exploring party which achieved the result just stated. One of the most intelligent

of his crew, Mr. Morton, who had previous experience in Arctic Seas, and a young Esquimaux taken up at the Danish settlements, were the two persons who, in June, 1854, from a promontory 400 or 500 feet high, looked upon what they conceived to be the open ocean towards the north. It is Morton's affirmation that in the wide horizon thus obtained, "not a speck of ice could be seen;" and marine birds appeared in great numbers, which are rarely found except where there is a sufficient expanse of open water to yield them food. Morton adds in his Report of this extremely high latitude: "I cannot imagine what becomes of the ice. A strong current sets it almost constantly to the south; but from altitudes of more than 500 feet I saw only narrow strips of ice, with great spaces of open water from ten to fifteen miles in breadth between them. It must therefore either go to an open space in the north or dissolve." This remarkable observation corresponds with a passage of Lieutenant Maury's book on the currents which force their way through or beneath the ice to the Polar Sea. It must, however, be remembered that all distant ocular observations on fields of ice or water in the Arctic regions are fallacious. The atmosphere generally renders it difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish ice from water at a distance of more than ten or twelve miles, and there is no proof of open sea but actual navigation.

The publication of these most interesting and most painful volumes has occurred at a seasonable moment to warn the British Government and the public against the further prosecution of these inhuman and abortive expeditions; and we rejoice that the Admiralty have refused to sanction a fresh search for the remains of Franklin's ships. But meanwhile Dr. Kane himself has added another illustrious name to the list of Arctic victims, having sunk under the effects of the frightful sufferings he had to endure. It is afflicting to think of the courage and skill which has been wasted in these efforts. Dr. Kane's narrative betokens throughout those peculiar qualities of head and heart which preëminently fit a man for such an undertaking—high intelligence, great firmness and patience, and a kind and genial temperament. The hardships he and his seventeen companions underwent during the 18 months they were pent up in the ice, from which they

only escaped by the abandonment of their vessel, exceed perhaps those of any living navigators in these regions:—we recoil from associating them with the imagination of what may have been the condition of our own brave countrymen whose loss we have too much reason to believe in and deplore. These volumes are illustrated with a degree of taste which does credit to American art: and they have the merit of a clear, unaffected style, with much power of graphic narrative, whether applied to the scenery of these Arctic regions, or to the toils and dangers undergone, or to the social state of the small body of men Dr. Kane commanded, if we may so speak of the strange life of darkness, cold, sickness, and starvation which was endured during the two long winters of this voyage.

Recurring now to the principal volume before us, we think it right to premise a few remarks upon the method of this work, and upon some points in its execution. Considered as a scientific treatise, Lieut. Maury has not done full justice to himself, or to his subject, by his manner of dealing with it. We are unwilling to be hypercritical where there is so much real merit, but it is impossible not to see in his work a desultory desire for novelty, occasionally going beyond the bounds of true inductive science; and venturing itself in a phraseology which loses its force and effect by being too sedulous to attain them. With a little more constraint upon his speculations, and a clearer separation of fact and hypothesis, he would be a valuable scientific writer: with somewhat less intention of fine writing he would be an eloquent one. We refrain from giving passages to illustrate or justify these criticisms; believing, from the evident candor of the author, that he will appreciate their motive, and apply them to future editions of his work as far as this can reasonably be done.

It is with reluctance that we advert to another characteristic of this volume:—we mean the very frequent and incautious reference to passages in Scripture; not solely for illustration, but even as authority for physical truths, or argument for hypotheses still unproved. Lieut. Maury is evidently a man of strong and sincere religious feelings, and we honor the earnestness with which he expresses them. But he unhappily does not see that in forcing Scripture to the interpretation of physical facts, he is mistaking the



whole purport of the sacred Books, misappropriating their language, and discrediting their evidence on matters of deep concern, by applying it to objects and cases of totally different nature. This *pia deflexio*, as it has been termed in instances of still more serious import, must ever be regarded as an injury done to real religion; and we are anxious now, as at all times, to enter our remonstrance against it.

The passages thus misapplied are chiefly taken from the Old Testament,—the Psalms, the Book of Job, &c.,—which, in the pictures they give of the works and wonders of creation, need borrow nothing of that science they do not profess, to render them to all ages the most sublime eulogies of the power and wisdom of the Creator. One example only we will cite, to show how much of error may enter into this loose and ill-judged method of dealing with scriptural authority. After a passage, too laboriously ornate in its diction, where our author speaks of the allusions in the Bible to the laws of nature, as involving, under figurative language, hidden meanings which are only disclosed by the later revelations of science, he quotes among other instances the striking text from Job (xxxviii. 31), "*Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades?*" or, as he gives it, "*Canst thou tell the sweet influence of the Pleiades?*" And this sublime but obscure interrogation he considers as solved by the recent observations and views of Professor Mädler of Dorpat, which make the star of Aleyone in the Pleiades to be the centre of gravity of that vast stellar system, to which our globe belongs as a small and subordinate planet.

Here we must first remark that he is obviously ignorant of the controversy as to this text, which has engaged the learning of Gesenius, Rosenmüller, Mason-Good, Herder, and many other scholars; leaving the interpretation still difficult and uncertain. He seems himself to have quoted from some translation which doubtfully takes half the sense from the Septuagint (*Εὐνίκα δὲ τὸν ἀστέρα Πλειάδος*), omitting altogether the conception of a *link or binding together*, which is kept in our authorized translation, and which so happily applies to the close and beautiful aggregation of stars in this group;—an aggregation of such kind that astronomers have calculated the chances to be more

than half a million to one that they could not have been thus set in the heavens by accident alone.

The latter part of the passage in question is also of doubtful interpretation; and we may well ask therefore whether this is a text upon which to establish or confirm a conclusion of physical fact? But, further, our author assumes in his argument that Mädler's view of the Pleiades, as the centre of the sidereal system, is "all but proved;" forgetting or ignorant that few astronomers have recognized it as more than a magnificent problem awaiting solution from future research; and that Sir J. Herschel especially has given a reason for distrusting the doctrine, in the distance of the Pleiades from the plane of the Milky Way; which plane must probably coincide with and define that of any general movement of rotation in the stellar system, should such exist. The science therefore of this comment is as ambiguous as the scriptural quotation to which it is appended.

It may seem that we have dwelt too long on this matter; but we must repeat in justification our earnest desire that the authority of Scripture should not thus rashly be pledged to facts and opinions with which it has no concern, save in so far as it describes the visible manifestations of creative wisdom, beauty, and power. The example just given we consider to be an apt illustration of the errors usually committed in this method of argument. Though less frequent than formerly, we still find them in some controversies of recent date, gaining a prompt influence over the public mind, as injurious, we believe, to the interests of true religion as of the sciences thus forced into contact with it.

We come now, and with more satisfaction, to the legitimate object of Lieut. Maury's work,—the great watery empire of the globe; the aspects and phenomena of oceans and seas; their various physical relations, as well to the continents and islands they encircle as to the atmosphere incumbent over all; and that farther relation they bear to the efforts of human industry, intrepidity, and skill, which have rendered the most distant paths of ocean open and assured to all nations of the earth. The Atlantic is the especial object of our author's labors; and accordingly we find

the first parts of his volume occupied almost exclusively with this ocean. Though we may explain the preference, we cannot wholly acquiesce in it as preliminary to a physical history of the sea at large. The subject requires to be prefaced by those more general views of the distribution and relative configuration of water and land over the globe, which form the very foundation of physical geography, and are fertile in curious and important conclusions. Facts which, if stated at all, are loosely and incongruously scattered over the volume, ought to have been put before the reader in some connected form, as indicating the nature and magnitude of the objects concerned. Lieut. Maury plunges him at once into mid-ocean, without compass or guidance over its world of waters. A greater familiarity with the writings of Humboldt, Ritter, Von Buch, and other authors, principally German, who have done so much for the study of physical geography, would have furnished both model and materials for a preliminary chapter, such as we desire for a work bearing this title and dealing with objects so vast and various in kind.

We may cursorily state here, in illustration, a few of those general facts, to which our author might fitly have given the priority suggested. First, the proportion of sea to land,—determined as nearly three to one; or in other words, that three-fourths of the surface of the globe is covered with water. Then, the fact (important in its suggestion of a disparity in the forces which have acted on the two hemispheres) of the great excess of land in the northern hemisphere over that of the southern, being in the ratio of 11 to 4; from which condition arise the curious results that only 1-27th part of existing land has land diametrically opposite to it in the other hemisphere, and that the line of the equator, as it girdles the earth, rests on the ocean for five-sixths of its length. Another mode of estimating the properties and local relations of land and sea is obtained by halving the globe longitudinally on the meridian of the Canaries; when a much larger proportion of sea will be found on the western half or hemisphere so defined, than on the eastern. The main fact of the great predominance of water on the surface of the globe being thus proved, and its mean depth, as we shall see here-

after, approximately determined, we reach other conclusions, of high interest to almost every part of physical science. We will notice only one of these, in which geological theory both past and prospective is more especially concerned. The *mean elevation* above the sea level, of all the land on the globe—islands as well as continents, mountains as well as plains—is estimated by Humboldt at somewhat less than 1000 feet. The mean depth of the great oceans of our planet is calculated by Laplace, from the tides and other phenomena, to be at least 21,000 feet. Thus, allowing full margin for errors, the entire submergence of the land might take place, leaving the central solid mass of the earth everywhere deeply covered with waters—an elliptical globe of ocean, moving still under the governance of the same sublime laws which had before guided its path through surrounding space.

This is enough to show what we should have desired as a foreground to the topics of Lieut. Maury's work. There is undoubtedly much to justify his partiality for the Atlantic as a subject for illustration; and we shall follow his example by limiting our remarks still more exclusively to what concerns this great Ocean,—a volume itself in the "physical geography of the sea." Indeed, our author devotes his first two chapters to a single current of the Atlantic, but this current, under the name of the Gulf-stream, includes physical conditions so remarkable, that we cannot blame the priority thus given to its history. To use his own words:

"There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf-stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked, that this line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf-stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea; so sharp is the line and such the want of affinity between these

waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf-stream to mingle with the common water of the sea."

This eloquent passage delineates, in terms happily chosen, some of the most striking features of this wonderful stream. But there are yet others to be noted; and we shall dwell somewhat in detail on a natural phenomenon thus remarkable: one, moreover, in which we, the people of the British Isles, have a direct and momentous interest, as well in reference to commerce and navigation, as to its certain and various influences on the climate under which we live.

The general description of the Gulf-stream, apart from any present question as to its sources, is that of a vast and rapid ocean-current, issuing from the basin of the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean Sea; doubling the southern cape of Florida; pressing forwards to the north-east, in a line almost parallel to the American coast; touching on the southern borders of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and at some seasons partially passing over them; thence, with increasing width and diffusion, traversing the whole breadth of the Atlantic, with a central direction towards the British Isles; and finally losing itself, by still wider diffusion, in the Bay of Biscay, on our own shores, and upon the long line of the Norwegian coasts. Its identity in physical characters is preserved throughout the many thousand miles of its continuous flow—the only change undergone is that of degree. As its waters gradually commingle with those of the surrounding sea, their deep blue tint declines, their high temperature diminishes, the speed with which they press forward abates. But taking the stream in its total course, it well warrants the vivid description of our author, and the name he bestows upon it of "a river in the ocean." This epithet (bringing to memory the *ῥοή Ὠκεανός* of Homer), is, in truth, singularly appropriate to this vast current, so constant and continuous in its course, and so strangely detached from the great mass of ocean waters; which, while seemingly cleft asunder to give path to its first impulse, are yet ever pressing upon it, gradually impairing its force and destroying its individuality.

The maximum of velocity, where the stream quits the narrow channel of Bemini,

which compresses its egress from the gulf, is about 4 miles an hour. Off Cape Hatteras in North Carolina, where it has gained a breadth of 75 miles, the velocity is reduced to 3 miles. On the parallel of the Newfoundland Banks it is further reduced to 1½ miles an hour, and this gradual abatement of force is continued across the Atlantic. The temperature of the current undergoes similar change. The highest observed is about 85° Fah. Between Cape Hatteras and Newfoundland, though lessened in amount, the warmth of the stream in winter is still 25° or 30° above that of the ocean through which it flows. Nor is this heat wholly lost when it reaches, and is spread over, the coasts of Northern Europe. The waters, thus constantly flowing to us from the tropical regions, bring warmth, as well as abundant moisture, to our own islands; and Ireland especially, upon which they more directly impinge, doubtless derives much of its peculiarity of climate, its moisture, verdure, and abundant vegetation, from this source. Were it needful to seek proof of the permanence of the great natural phenomenon of which we are speaking, we might find it in those curious passages of ancient geographers,—Pomponius Mela, and J. Solinus Polyhistor, for example,—which describe the peculiarities of the Irish soil and climate eighteen centuries ago, almost as we should depict them now. But the influence of the Gulf-stream does not stop even here. The climate it may be said to convey is diffused, more or less, over the whole Norwegian coast; the aspects and produce of which singularly contrast with those of the corresponding latitudes in North America, Greenland, and Siberia. Other causes doubtless contribute to this effect; but none, we apprehend, so largely or unceasingly.

The influence of the temperature of the Gulf-stream upon animal life in the ocean is very curious. The whale so sedulously shuns its warm waters, as almost to indicate their track by its absence; while yet abundantly found on each side of it. The physical reasons are doubtless the same which prevent this great marine mammal from ever crossing the equator—from one hemisphere to the other—a fact now well ascertained. The various species of fish, which are firm and of excellent flavor in the colder belt of

sea upon the American coast, lose all their good qualities when taken out of the Gulf-stream, running closely parallel to it. On the other hand, the more delicate marine productions, whether animal or vegetable, which multiply and prosper by warmth, are redundant in the Gulf-stream, even after it has quitted the tropical regions whence its heat is derived. The food is thus matured for the whale field of the Azores, where this huge denizen of the seas flourishes in colder waters amidst the abundance so provided.

Lieut. Maury describes yet other peculiarities of this wonderful current. Its waters are found to be warmest at or near the surface, cooling gradually downwards, so as to render it probable that there is a bed or cushion of cold water between them and the solid earth lying below. Again, the surface of the stream is shown to be not strictly a plane; but having its axis or central portion raised somewhat higher than the level of the adjoining Atlantic; thus giving it a sort of roof-shaped outline, and causing the surface water to flow off on each side. The existence of such surface current has been proved by boats floated near the centre of the stream, which drift either to the east or west, according to the side of the axis on which they may be. This curious fact has been attributed to the central waters of the current being the warmest, and, therefore, of least specific gravity. It may be so; but we cannot altogether discard another physical cause, viz., the enormous lateral compression exercised upon the stream by the ocean waters through which it forces its way; tending to *heap it up* towards the axial line. Those who have beheld the wonderful spectacle of the Niagara River, three miles below the falls, so urged and compressed into a narrow ravine, that the middle of the stream rises twelve or thirteen feet above the sides, will be able to conceive this hydrodynamic influence, even on the wide scale of operation which we have now before us.

There is some evidence that the waters of the Gulf-stream, when emerging from the Caribbean Sea, are saltier than those of the Northern Atlantic through which they flow. But as the difference scarcely exceeds a half per cent, we hesitate in believing, with Lieut. Maury, that this greater saltiness is the sole source of the deep blue color they

assume. We receive too with some distrust his speculations on what he considers the probable "*galvanic qualities*" of this great stream. We have little doubt, indeed, that the electrical element pervading, in one or other of its forms, the whole material world—giving motion and change to masses as well as molecules, and evolved or altered itself by every such motion and change—may have some concern, as cause or effect, in the natural phenomenon before us. But we perceive at the present time so much tendency to make use of this great power as the basis of vague and fruitless speculation, that we are always suspicious in the outset, when we find its agency invoked to solve a physical problem. In the present instance we see no especial reason for having recourse to it. The physical conditions of the Gulf-stream—its definite direction, its force, its temperature, its saltiness, its relation to Atlantic winds and storms, and its tardy intermingling with the mass of ocean—may be referred, with more or less probability, to other natural causes in certain and constant operation. We cannot exclude electricity from the number, but we must not invoke it on the slender evidence which our author places before us.

These considerations lead us to the theory of the Gulf-stream; a matter on which a good deal has been written, and speculations put forward on very insufficient proof. Such is, the early opinion that it owes its origin to the river waters of the Mississippi, forcing a sea current before them out of the Gulf-basin—an opinion at once refuted by the utter disproportion between the alleged cause and the observed effect. It would, in fact, be the case of 300 volumes of water put into rapid motion by one volume only—such, according to Livingstone's careful estimate, being about the proportion of the gulf to the river stream. Another hypothesis, again, to which the names of Dr. Franklin and Major Rennell give some sanction, assigns a higher level—a *heaping up*, as it were, of the waters in the Gulf of Mexico, in effect of those forced into the great basin by the trade-winds of the Atlantic; thereby giving to the Gulf-stream the character of an immense river descending from this higher level to a lower one. Lieut. Maury suggests, we think, valid objections to this hypothesis; and even contends, from the relative depth



of the stream in the Narrows of Bemini and of Hatteras, that instead of *descending*, its bed represents the surface of an inclined plane with a descent from north to south, up which plane the lower depths of the stream must ascend. We are bound to say that he does not replace, by any complete theory, the opinions which he thus annuls. Nor is it, in truth, easy to frame one which shall meet all the conditions required, seeing the present imperfect state of our knowledge of the mutual influence and action of the mighty agents concerned in such phenomena—the ocean, the atmosphere, the rotation of the earth on its axis, the change of seasons, the tides, the heat and cold of different regions, and possibly magnetic or electrical influences, of the obscurity of which we have already spoken. All who are familiar with the science of Hydrodynamics and the theory of waves, know that these subjects involve problems requiring for their solution the highest mathematical power, based upon the most exact experiment and observation; questions which have exercised the genius of Euler, Lagrange, Poisson, Prony, Cauchy, Weber, Venturi, and in our country, of Brindley, Smeaton, Young, Scott, Russell, &c. The theory of the Gulf-stream has close connection in many points with these high problems, while at the same time complicated by its manifest relation to the great natural agents just enumerated.

We must, then, excuse in our author his somewhat desultory view of a phenomenon, of which no single or simple explanation can rightly be given. It is certain, from the permanent characters of the Gulf-stream, that he is correct in treating of it as part of a great *circuit* of waters in the Atlantic, determined and directed by natural causes of constant operation. One main influence we may presume to be, the tendency of the polar and equatorial waters to exchange and equalize their temperature by currents flowing at different depths through the ocean; a condition certain to exist, and well illustrated by the phenomena of those constant or periodical winds, which fulfil a similar object, by maintaining the needful balance of temperature in the great atmospheric sea around us. Nor is this reference to the trade-winds one of analogy only. We cannot doubt that they are concerned in keeping up the flow of those vast equatorial

currents, which, traversing the Atlantic from the African coasts, are pressed into the Caribbean Sea and Mexican Gulf on their southern side; and sweeping round this great basin and its islands, are mainly discharged through that narrow passage between Cuba and Florida, where the name of the Gulf-stream is first attached to the current. All its characteristics may best be explained under this general view. If a mass of waters be constantly thrown into the Gulf, a mass of waters must as constantly find exit from it. If the exit be narrow, the force of the stream will be proportionately augmented, by the unceasing pressure from behind; rendering it powerful and persistent enough to cleave the waters of the ocean; making a return path for itself to the more northern parts of the eastern hemisphere, and carrying thither the warmth derived from the eternal summer of the equatorial seas.

We can have little doubt that this outline conveys the true theory of the Gulf-stream; associating it broadly with those great currents of circulation over the globe, which we know must be the certain effect of differences of temperature, but which may in part also depend on the diurnal rotation of the earth affecting the rate of motion and direction of such currents as they flow through different latitudes. The Arctic current setting into the Atlantic from Baffin's Bay, and transporting huge icebergs to be dissolved by the warmer seas of the South, is well known as a branch of one of these circuits. The existence of a similar circulation of waters in the Pacific—the other great ocean which stretches from pole to pole of the globe—though less defined in its details, occurs in confirmation of this view. It is more directly corroborated by the old experiment of casting bottles into the sea containing dates of place and time; which transported in silent, slow, but certain course, give information to watchful observers on distant seas or shores. These mute interpreters of natural phenomena often render better service to science than the thoughts or theories of man. The chart drawn up by Admiral Beechy, representing the tracks of more than a hundred bottles, shows that all the equatorial waters of the Atlantic tend westwards towards the Mexican Gulf, to issue thence in the Gulf-stream. Those

thrown overboard in mid-ocean, or on any part of the African coast, have been found, after a certain lapse of time, either in the West Indies, or on the British shores, or floating in the course of the Gulf-stream between. There is even reason to believe that some of these bottles have been discovered on their second circuit; arrested probably on the coasts of Spain by the drift southwards, carried along the African coast into the equatorial seas, and thence again across the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico. The first among the valuable plates appended to Lieut. Maury's work, clearly shows the course thus indicated, and illustrates the whole scheme of the mighty currents we have been describing.

Whenever a circuit of waters is thus formed, we have every reason, from tidal and other analogies, to look for an intermediate or central space, comparatively calm and motionless. And such a space is actually found to exist within this great Ocean whirlpool. The "Mar de Sargasso," as the Spanish navigators termed the central portion of the Atlantic, stretching westwards from the Canaries and Cape Verd Islands,—a surface fifteen times greater than that of Great Britain,—may be described as a vast stagnant pool, receiving the drift seaweed, which the surrounding currents fling into it, and generating on its calm surface what has been well called "an oceanic meadow" of seaweed, the *fucus natans* of botanists. It is in this tract of sea that we find such wonderful species of fuci as the *Macrocystis pyrifera*—having stems from 1000 to 1500 feet in length, and but a finger's size in thickness, branching upwards into filaments like packthread. This vast domain of marine vegetable life is the receptacle, as indeed are the waters of the ocean generally, of an equal profusion of animal existence—from the minute luminiferous organisms, which, to borrow Humboldt's phrase, "convert every wave into a crest of light," to those larger forms of life, many of which derive nutriment from the waters alone, thus richly impregnated with living animal matter. Reason and imagination are equally confounded by the effort to conceive these hosts of individual existences—*cette richesse effrayante*, as Cuvier terms it—generated or annihilated at every passing instant of time. No scheme of numbers can reach them, even by approximation;

and science is forced to submit its deductions to the general law, that all the materials of organic life are in a state of unceasing change, displacement and replacement, under new forms and altered functions, for purposes which we must believe to be wisely designed, but which transcend all human intelligence.

It is interesting to possess a record of this Mar de Sargasso from the pen of the great mariner who first traversed it on his way to the discovery of a new world. In a letter written by Columbus in 1498, he relates that in each voyage from Spain to the Indies, he found, about 100 nautical miles to the west of the Azores, a wonderful change in the aspect of the ocean; so sudden, too, that he uses the word *raya* to mark the line of boundary. The sea became at once calm and still, scarcely ever moved by a breeze, but so suddenly and strangely matted over with seaweed as to suggest instant danger to the ships from running upon shoal banks. Nearly four centuries have elapsed since these phenomena were present to the eager and observant eye of Columbus; and they yet continue as they then were. The same currents sweep round the basin of the Atlantic; the same stagnant and weedy sea still exists within the circuit of waters thus formed. How changed, meanwhile, the aspect of man's existence on the shores which bound this ocean; and how certain the greater changes during the ages which lie before us! Many of these changes, and such as may count among the mightiest now in progress, are due to the Atlantic itself, and to that permanence of its physical characters which we have been describing. Not only has it served to the intercommunication of the two hemispheres, but it may almost be said to have created the western, by the tide of human emigration carried across from the old world to the new. Some of the greatest problems in government and social existence are awaiting their eventual solution in the races thus transplanted; and especially in the powerful nation, our own offspring, established on the wide and fertile continent of the West.

We cannot touch upon this vast topic of human transit over the Atlantic, whether for commerce or migration, without recurring once more to the history of the Gulf-stream. Though in practical navigation its influence must often have been felt, yet this fact was

scarcely recognized or distinctly recorded before the time of Franklin, whose sagacity, applied to certain special cases, showed him at once the value of a more exact knowledge of all belonging to this great current. One of these cases is curious enough to deserve mention. When in London, in 1770, he was consulted as to a memorial sent from Boston to the Lords of the Treasury, complaining that the packets from Falmouth were generally a fortnight longer in reaching Boston, than common traders from London to Rhode Island, a passage fully 300 miles longer. Captain Folger, a Nantucket whaler, who happened to be then in London, was questioned by Franklin, and furnished him with the true explanation. The Rhode Island traders were acquainted with the Gulf-stream, and kept out of it. The captains of the English packets, from ignorance or carelessness, or possibly seduced by the more genial temperature of this southern course, ran their vessels into the current and *against it*; making a difference in some parts of their voyage of not less than fifty or sixty miles in the daily run, besides the loss incurred in sailing in a lower latitude. Dr. Franklin made Folger, whose experience taught him to avoid a stream in which whales are never found, to trace out on a chart the course of this ocean current, had it engraved, and sent copies to the Falmouth captains. These gentlemen, wedded to their old ways, or perhaps despising their informant, took no notice of the suggestion, and went on as before.

Franklin was also the first to indicate the temperature of the Gulf-stream as a valuable aid to the navigation of the Atlantic, especially on the American coasts; the dividing line between the warm stream and the cold waters of the ocean which hem it in, being so precise as well as constant that the longitude may often safely be inferred from it. Lieut. Maury affirms, and we doubt not with truth, that this dividing line never changes its position in longitude as much as mariners then erred in their reckoning. He gives us also a very curious account of the relation of the Gulf-stream to the storms and hurricanes of this ocean, to which is due their frequent character of rotatory storms or *cyclones*; a name well adapted to the remarkable phenomenon so described. One passage here we will transcribe from our author.

"I am not prepared to maintain that the Gulf-stream is really the 'Storm King' of the Atlantic, which has power to control the march of every gale that is raised there; but the course of many gales been traced from the place of their origin directly to this stream. Gales that take their rise on the coast of Africa, and even as far down on that side as the parallel of  $10^{\circ}$  or  $15^{\circ}$  north latitude, have, it is shown by an examination of log-books, made straight for the Gulf-stream:—joining it, they have then been known to turn about, and, travelling with this stream, to recross the Atlantic, and so reach the shores of Europe. In this way the tracks of storms have been traced out and followed for a week or ten days. Their path is marked by wreck and disasters. At the meeting of the American Association in 1854, Mr. Redfield mentioned one which he had traced out, and in which no less than seventy odd vessels had been wrecked, dismantled, or damaged."

Another storm, the direction of which is delineated in Plate x. of this volume, commenced more than a thousand miles from the Gulf-stream, made a straight course for it, and travelled with it for many successive days, under the conditions of a whirlwind or cyclone. A fearful disaster, due to one of these hurricanes, occurred in 1853, to the steamship "San Francisco," carrying a regiment of United States troops from New York to California. Overtaken by the storm in crossing the Gulf-stream, 179 souls, officers and men, were swept overboard and perished. In this case, the knowledge possessed of the stream, its limits, direction, velocity, &c., greatly aided what was done for the discovery and relief of the unfortunate ship in question. The import of these and many similar facts to the future guidance of Atlantic navigation will readily be understood. It may be hard to account for them in theory, but their practical value cannot be doubtful or mistaken.

Intending, as we have already said, to confine our remarks chiefly to that ocean, the Atlantic, on which Lieut. Maury himself best loves to expatiate, we shall follow him more cursorily through the other parts of his volume. The third, fourth, and fifth chapters of this work relate to the Atmosphere in its various connection with the physical geography of the sea, as expressed by the phenomena of winds, of evaporation, of rains, of fogs, of temperature, and of elec-

trical changes—a vast subject, and not less complex than vast. Multiplied though all its records have been of late years, and made more minute and accurate as well as numerous, Meteorology cannot yet take its place among the exact sciences. We have just named some of the topics it includes; but there are yet others, which mix with and complicate all the results of observation. The weight of the air is one of these; an element involved as effect or cause in almost all other atmospheric changes, and deeply concerned in any theory of the winds. Again, we have those conditions of electricity, which are expressed by the wonderful phenomena of magnetism, acting through and upon all parts of the globe, solid, fluid, and aerial; and brought before us under a new aspect by Professor Faraday's discovery of the magnetic properties of oxygen as modified by heat. Even that other subtle element of Light—if indeed it be another and separate element—may in some sort affect the atmosphere, through which its action is transmitted to the earth and ocean below. As associated with, or, according to a recent philosophy, *converted into* heat, there can be no doubt of this influence. But the marvellous results which science has obtained from the chemical action of light, in the various forms of Photography, justify the belief that other analogous effects may exist, though yet hidden from human observation. If electric states of atmosphere can convert oxygen into ozone, light, in its different degrees of intensity, cannot well be supposed without influence, even on the inorganic parts of the aerial medium through which its passage lies. We know well its wonderful power in evoking the organic life, with the germs of which the atmosphere everywhere teems; and there is even reason to believe that this influence extends to different depths of sea, concurring with other causes to define those successive *strata* of animal and vegetable life which are so curiously attested as the result of the marine dredgings and soundings directed to this object.\*

We deviate thus far from our direct sub-

\* We cannot touch upon this latter point, without a passing tribute to the memory of the late Professor E. Forbes; a man whose genius and eminent powers of observation had already placed him in the foremost rank of the natural philosophers of his time, and who, had his life happily been prolonged, would undoubtedly have added further to his own scientific fame and to that of his country.

ject, merely to point out the singular complexity of these elements and relations, which make up the history of atmospheric phenomena, whether on ocean or land. Such, and so close, are these relations, that scarcely a change can occur in any one of them, without altering or disturbing, more or less, the balance of all. Science is seeking to disentangle these elements of action; and to obtain both more exact results, and knowledge of the relative agency of each in producing them. But longer time and wider averages are required to this end; and meanwhile what we must regard as needful is patient and precise observation on all parts of the globe, and in all climes and seasons, aided by such an amount of *provisional* theory as may serve to the guidance of research, and to bind facts together, until they can be submitted to the governance of general laws.

These considerations may mitigate, though not wholly suppress, a criticism to which Lieut. Maury's work is liable here; and perhaps more or less throughout. He theorizes too largely and hazardingly, and does not clearly separate the *known* from the *unknown*. His volume is replete with valuable and ingenious suggestions; but they are not methodized enough for the uses of the common reader, who will probably rise from the chapters on winds and atmospheric currents, his head confused by a whirl of facts and theories and questions, as fleeting as the very air of which he has been reading. It must be admitted, indeed, that this subject of the winds of the ocean—whether permanent, periodical, or variable—is one of very difficult and intricate kind. The differences of temperature between the tropical and arctic regions, and the influence of the earth's diurnal rotation upon the currents of air thus produced, afford us a rational theory of the trade-winds. The periodical monsoons of the Indian Ocean, though depending in part on the same causes, yet are singularly modified by the proximity of great continents, islands, and mountain ranges; and though well known to practical navigation, their character is less certain, and their interpretation more obscure. Still slighter is our knowledge of the variable winds in those narrower seas of the globe, where the influences of the land become predominant over those of the ocean: phenomena in



which we have great practical concern, but to which it is at present impossible to give any systematic form. It must further be kept in mind that our direct knowledge of the winds is derived from the lower strata of the atmosphere only. The aspects of clouds often show to the eye different or opposite currents at different heights: observations in balloons testify the same thing. Beyond this our conclusions are simply inferential, but resting on reasons so explicit that we cannot hesitate in believing the upper regions of the atmosphere to be traversed by currents of lesser density, but as determinate in space, time, and direction as the winds which sweep periodically over the surface below. The general equilibrium we find to be ever maintained; and this can only be effected by circuits and counter-currents at different heights, according to the differences of temperature of each. The inference here approaches to a demonstration of the fact, though not reaching it by actual observation.

We cannot speak with the same assurance of a speculation, which, however, is sanctioned by eminent names, viz. that the more sudden and violent gales of wind, the tornadoes and whirlwinds of the sea, are due to the upper currents of air bursting abruptly into those of lower level; and by their different direction of movement, different temperature, and possibly difference of electrical state, begetting the various phenomena of storm on the ocean beneath. No better theory has yet been proposed for these hurricanes; and in default of such, we must admit it as one of the many meteorological questions open to future research.

We should abuse the patience of our readers, were we to dwell longer on the subject of atmospheric currents thus encircling the globe, and, under their various conditions, aiding or endangering the labors of man on the seas. The only remark we have further to add respecting Lieut. Maury's chapters on the atmosphere is, that he does not sufficiently allude to the influence of the variable weight of this great aerial ocean upon the ocean of waters below. Those who have attended to the phenomena and probable theory of the *Seiches* in the small basin of the Lake of Geneva, or witnessed the frequent and abrupt oscillations of a forty-feet water barometer, will be able to appreciate this element of

unequal atmospheric pressure, as applied to the great watery surface of the globe. Nor do we find any allusion by our author to the singular fact recorded by Sir James Ross, of the permanently low barometric pressure in high southern latitudes; or to the curious observation of Professor Airey and Mr. Birt, on the periodical rise of the barometer in the course of every month to some point above  $30^{\circ}$ , suggesting the notion of great atmospheric waves, ruffled by smaller waves in the intervals between. We must look to the future for a solution of these, and a thousand other difficulties in meteorology, which are beyond the reach of any tables or averages yet obtained. All such phenomena may be best studied under the equator, where there is little variation in the sun's meridian altitude; and where the zone of observation is symmetrically related to each hemisphere. The diurnal fluctuation of pressure is so regular there, that the time may generally be determined within 15 or 16 minutes by the barometer alone.

The "Depths of the Ocean," and the methods employed to determine them, form an interesting chapter in the volume before us. Until a very recent time these methods were so far imperfect that, though numerous soundings were made into the more profound depths which sailors call "blue water," it could seldom be affirmed "that fathom line had truly touched the ground" in these abysses of the sea. In the Southern Atlantic, more especially, results were given as obtained by British and American officers, which indicated depths varying from 26,000 to 50,000 feet or from 5 to  $9\frac{1}{2}$  miles; and in several of these instances without any assurance of the plummet having reached the bottom. Here, in fact, lay the uncertainty of the whole process. Under-currents might intervene, turning aside a slender thread and insufficient weight from the right line of descent; or, if allowing the weight to touch the ground, still acting upon the bight of the line, so as to cause it to run out too far from the reel in the vessel above.

We owe a better system of soundings to the active ingenuity of our American brethren on the seas. It was first decided that the twine used for this purpose must be of stronger texture; so as to bear a weight of at least 60 pounds, freely suspended in the air. This sounding twine is divided by

100 fathom marks. The weight employed is a simple cannon ball of 32lbs. or 68lbs. weight, so appended, that on touching the ground it is detached from the twine; leaving, however, to reascend with the latter an ingenious little apparatus, the contrivance of Mr. Brooks of the United States Navy, which gathers and brings up specimens from the bottom of these deep recesses. Experiments made with lines thus constructed, have furnished a scale of the average time of descent for different depths, exact enough to tell pretty nearly when the ball ceases to carry the line out, and when therefore the depth is truly determined.\*

The result of these improved methods has hitherto been to indicate a lesser depth than was inferred from previous soundings. The greatest hitherto ascertained, is in the North Atlantic, on the southern edge of the Banks of Newfoundland, where the ball touched the ground, and parted from its line, at about 25,000 feet or nearly five miles below the surface. Yet if Laplace's calculation of four miles as the mean ocean depth be correct, there must exist spaces with far deeper soundings than this; and such in truth, we may expect to find, when navigators apply their present resources to fathom those other vast oceans, where the line has rarely been sunk for the purposes of science only, and where the phenomena of coral isles and volcanoes show conditions of deep subsidence as well as elevation, from physical action taking place in the interior of the globe. The time may come, but yet is far distant, when we shall be able to map this great submarine territory, with some approach to truth; and in so doing, perchance obtain a further insight into those wonderful changes, paroxysmal or gradual, which the outer surface of the earth has undergone, in the course of ages, from central causes, hitherto reached by conjecture alone. Knowledge need never be despaired of from any source, however seemingly remote, where the connection of the physical sciences is becoming so intimate in all its parts. A single instance may be given as peculiarly belonging to this Ocean of which we are treating. In a remarkable memoir by Prof.

\* Lieutenant Maury gives in Plate XI., annexed to his volume, a general delineation of the depths of the Atlantic; probably the best yet published, but derived from soundings which are partly liable to the doubts noticed above.

E. Forbes on the "Connection between the existing Floras and Faunas of the British Isles, and the Geological Changes which have affected this Area," we find denoted, amongst other curious local relations of certain British species to those of the nearest opposite continents, the singular case of identity of several species in the South-west Irish Flora, with species found not nearer than the mountains forming the north coast of Spain. On various grounds Prof. Forbes concludes—and he was not a rash speculator in science—that the British Isles acquired this connection of their Flora and Fauna with that of neighboring lands, by immigration of species before the area they now occupy was severed from the greater continent. The specialty of the Irish case as to distance does not deter him from following out this conclusion. Boldly, but not without much show of reason, he draws a line of ancient continent across the Bay of Biscay and yet farther westwards into the actual Atlantic. Geology tells us of numerous changes and alterations of land and sea, similar in kind, and still vaster in extent. Those changes which we may suppose to have visited Britain, though far removed from man's knowledge, are comparatively recent in the history of the earth—presumably of later date than what has been called the *Meiocene* epoch. It might seem as if a sort of specious reality were thus given to the ancient fable of the Atlantis: but no relation of time will serve us here, and the legend must be left in its old obscurity.

We cannot quit this topic of the depth of the Atlantic, without referring to one matter connected with it, far surpassing in grandeur any fable or imagination of antiquity—we mean the Atlantic Electric Telegraph, now in progress towards execution. The scheme, if not originating in a series of soundings across this ocean, has at least been matured and directed by them. These soundings, conducted chiefly by an American officer, Captain Berryman, have disclosed the existence, between Newfoundland and the western coast of Ireland, of a sort of plateau forming the bed of the sea, at a depth nowhere exceeding 2070 fathoms; and, what is of greater moment for its destination, having a *very uniform grade of descent* from each side towards this point of greatest depression, which is nearly equi-distant from Valentia

and St. John's, the assumed eastern and western termini of the submarine telegraph. The actual distance between these points is 1,900 statute miles; of which, about 1,500 miles intermediate between the dips from each side, and named by Lieut. Maury, the "Telegraphic plateau," afford a soft and singularly equable level; chiefly, it would seem, of calcareous rock, covered in great part with a layer of microscopic tropical shells, and well adapted in every way to receive the wonderful instrument of human intelligence which is about to be committed to this submarine bed. It has been surmised, and not without show of reason, that these very materials, forming the bottom of the plateau, may furnish a coating of natural concrete to the electric cable; adding to its stability of position, and lessening the chances of injury or destruction from the elements around; and possibly also affording a more perfect means of transmission of the electric action itself.

We cannot afford space, and it would be alien to our subject, to dilate on this extraordinary project; but in the subjoined note we give a few of the more important details, which will serve briefly to illustrate the *mechanism* of the undertaking, commercial as well as scientific.\* These details may inter-

\* The capital destined to this enterprise is £350,000, divided into 350 shares of £1000 each; 262 of which have been taken in England, 88 in America. The British Government, besides certain preliminary aids, guarantees 4 per cent on the capital, *when and as long as the telegraph is in working order*, in remuneration for all the work done on government behalf.

The submarine cable through which the electrical current will be conveyed (to use a conventional language which future knowledge may alter), is three-fourths of an inch in diameter. The copper conducting wires pass through it, coated securely with gutta percha; and this central portion of the cable is covered and protected by strands of iron-wire, eighteen in number, each of these composed of seven iron threads, loosely twisted together. The weight of the cable is about 2000 lbs., or somewhat less than a ton, to the mile. Though exceedingly flexible, it is capable of supporting six miles of its own length suspended vertically in water. The contract we understand to be for 2600 miles of this cable to be in readiness for use by the end of next May.

The submersion, according to present plans, is to be effected by two steamers, each conveying half the cable. These vessels, meeting at the middle point in the Atlantic, will first effect securely the junction of the ends of the cable, and then separate—the one with a destination to Ireland, the other to Newfoundland—dropping the telegraph cable into the ocean, as they severally proceed; and exchanging frequent electric signals through it, to indicate their relative position as well as to

est many of our readers; but higher interest is involved in the whole discovery and design of the Electric Telegraph, whether on earth or submarine, as the astonishing result of a new element of power subjected to human uses and human will. Let it be simply recollected that, one hundred and fifty years ago, this electrical action or force—we are obliged to hesitate in calling it *matter*—was known to mankind only in its elementary aspects of attraction and repulsion; while now it is recognized in all the great phenomena, organic and inorganic, of the globe, and has become the most wonderful instrument of power in our hands, for action on all the various forms of matter around us. So utterly was this element hidden from all prior knowledge (for the thunder-storm still interpreted to the superstition of man, and not to his reason), that its present development has almost the character of a new creation. If modern science finds cause to be proud of what it has achieved in these great discoveries, there is ample reason for humility in the many questions which still remain unsolved: even such as lie at the very origin of the subject, and were matter of speculation and perplexity to its earliest cultivators. A crowd of facts, and numerous subordinate laws, have been attained; but some higher and more general law is yet wanting to govern and connect the whole. The object, however, is now well defined, and the first philosophers of our time are pressing eagerly along the paths which lead towards it.

We are a little puzzled how to rate the chances of the Atlantic Telegraph as a pecuniary speculation apart from the guarantee which Government has given to it. It has no antecedents having likeness enough to justify any bold promise or assertion. We are forced to ask, if a flaw should occur, from any cause, present or future, in this long line of submarine chain,—if the price current of cotton put into motion as a message from America should fail to move the needle on the Liverpool side,—how is the faulty spot to be discovered, and how to be repaired? Every precaution, we know, has been taken which art or science could suggest, to guard attest the completeness of the work accomplished. It is estimated that the whole cable may be laid down in its ocean depths in eight days from the time when the junction of the two halves has been effected.

against accident; but there are some elements concerned, such as the influence of time upon the instruments put into action, which it is not easy to submit to any calculation. Certain scientific difficulties, also, connected with the theory of electric induction, and experimentally applied by Faraday to the case of wires conveyed by insulated submarine tubes, have suggested themselves as likely to retard, or otherwise impair, a current thus prolonged. The science, however, which is able to foresee these difficulties, is competent, we trust, to provide a remedy; and this question, as well as that of the best methods for "rapid signalling" by the electric telegraph, has engaged the notice of Professor Thompson of Glasgow, than whom few men are better able to resolve it.

As to the practical results to the welfare of the world, and more especially of England and America, from the completion of this singular work, we are not altogether converted by the current phraseology of the day. It is easy to affirm that whatever gives fresh facilities to human communication is productive of good; and difficult, perhaps, to disprove the assertion. But in so stating the matter we must keep in mind that it is the *speed of intelligence* only which is here chiefly in question. Doubts may suggest themselves, whether the farthing-a-pound fluctuations in the price of cotton deserve a daily transmission across the Atlantic; especially as the same means may be used to tell almost simultaneously the same fact to every Liverpool broker, or Manchester manufacturer. The demand for any particular article of traffic, whether raw or manufactured, is rarely so sudden or impetuous, as not to be able to await transmission by the next steamer. A criminal fugitive may be arrested at the moment of landing, by his description outrunning him on the ocean; but the tidings of friendship or family affection will not trust themselves to be interpreted by the vibrations of a needle, and the translations of a hired pen. Even in the more serious matters of diplomacy, we may indulge a doubt whether the old-fashioned pauses in intercourse were not as salutary as the instant communications of our own days; giving more time for passions to subside, and for first opinions to soften by reflection; and preserving to the

diplomatist a responsibility, equally essential to his own honor and to the interests of the country he represents. We are aware, however, that there is a double face to all these points; and without pressing further any such ambiguous pressages, we shall be ready and eager to join in the general gratulation on the success of an undertaking thus wonderful as an effort of human genius and power; and destined, we trust, to link together still more closely in amity as well as intercourse, the two great nations already having kindred in origin, language, and common liberties.\*

We have occupied so much space with these various topics, that our notice of the other parts of Lieut. Maury's volume must be a very limited one. In a chapter on the "Salts of the Sea," he propounds his views, and perhaps with some exaggeration, as to their influence in creating ocean currents by the different specific gravity of strata of water differently charged with salt. To the curious question regarding the origin of this saline matter, amounting to three and a half per cent in the average of all seas, he answers that it was thus when the ocean was created; that no washing down of salts by rivers can adequately explain the phenomenon; and that the "Christian man of science" may rest on the absence of any proof from Scripture or otherwise, that the sea waters were ever fresh. Even accepting the conclusion as probable, we must repeat our remonstrance against this mode of stating it. The question in itself is one of much difficulty, and we can see no evidence that it is ever likely to go beyond presumption. The uniformity in the quantity, quality, and proportion of the saline constituents, and the fossil animal remains of ancient *Salt seas*, now found many thousand feet above the ocean surface, would seem the strongest proofs of identity of state from the beginning. The presence in all sea water, though in

\* Some tokens of jealousy are perceptible in the American newspapers, as well as in the Senate, at the fact of the termini of the Atlantic Telegraph being both in British territory. Without adverting to the very obvious physical reasons for this arrangement, we may express our belief, as well as hope, that it will never become a matter of political importance. We perceive that Lieut. Maury has recently published his opinion that any direct line to the United States would be impracticable, from the much greater depth of ocean, and from the prolongation of the cable to 3000 miles, a length probably beyond the power of transmission of a single electrical current.



most minute proportion, of those singular elements (or what are provisionally called such) Iodine and Bromine, becomes a special part of this argument, and cannot be neglected. We do not yet venture to cite to the same effect the recent discovery of silver, as another ingredient; since further experiments are needed to attest its universality.\* But all these researches show the complex and wonderful nature of that ocean-fluid, which wraps round so large a part of the solid globe.

In treating of the various ocean temperature, and its influence in producing currents, we do not observe any notice of that singular and important discovery, which we owe to Sir James Ross; viz., the existence of a stratum of *invariable temperature*,  $39\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, pervading the ocean from north to south, and represented on each side the equator by a similar and very curious curve, depending on the superficial heat or cold in different latitudes. At the equator the depth of this level of constant temperature is 7,200 feet—in latitude  $56^{\circ}$  it is at the surface—in the Arctic regions it descends again to 4,500 feet; the temperature in each case being invariably the same, that is  $39\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , below the level of these several depths. The value of such observations to every theory of submarine currents will readily be perceived.

In a chapter on "Ocean Routes," Lieut. Maury gives some graphic narratives of that racing on the high seas, which, if it be the pride and profit of modern navigation, is also oftentimes to be accounted its folly and peril. The struggle for superiority, whether by sail or steam, is still almost exclusively between England and the posterity of England in America—the two great commercial communities of the world. Though the Indian and Pacific Oceans form part of the scene of

\* The discovery of silver in sea-water, by Magaluti and Durocher, is curiously confirmed by certain experiments of Mr. Field, showing the presence of silver, even to the amount of seven ounces to the ton, in the copper sheathing of ships long exposed to sea-water. These observations are related in a paper read to the Royal Society some months ago.

We may notice here the curious experiments of Professor Chapman of Toronto, as to the comparative rate of evaporation from salt and fresh water. They show that the greater the proportion of salt, the slower the evaporation; and that water containing the same percentage as that of the sea, loses, in 24 hours, not quite half as much as fresh water. This fact gives some support to Mr. Chapman's theory, that one great use of the salt in the ocean is that of regulating and controlling the evaporation ever going on over its vast surface.

contest, the Atlantic is the arena where science and skill, aided by abundant capital, and incited by emulation, have achieved results, which half or even a quarter of a century ago would have been deemed impossible. These results are too well known to need relation here; but we may notice briefly one or two facts, illustrating and explaining the wonderful changes now in progress in commercial navigation. We should scarcely err in stating the average duration of long ocean voyages—as those to or from China, Australia, and India, performed by the best sailing ships—at barely half what it was at the first period just named. Among the causes concerned in this great result must first be noted, the improved construction and fitting of ships, and more especially in regard to what Mr. Russell has called the *wave principle of construction*; or, in other words, the form of least resistance of a solid moving through water. Connected with this, and in practice now applied to the same end, is the direct relation ascertained to exist between the length of the vessel and the speed it is capable of attaining. But beyond these altered conditions of the vessel itself, comes in the enlarged and more exact knowledge of the seas it traverses; of the winds and currents, the shoals and depths, and the various other physical phenomena of the ocean, which have been brought to the aid of practical navigation, and to which we have already so copiously referred. To the combination of these causes, and the record of the tracks and times of many hundred voyages, upon methods which Lieut. Maury has done much to enforce, we owe those feats of seamanship which have brought Australia within ten weeks of England, and made the circumnavigation of the globe as frequent and familiar as was once the passage across the Atlantic.

We have here been speaking of sailing vessels: Steam navigation has its own peculiar history, including not only these several improvements, but others also, which depend on more perfect machinery and a higher class of engineers. Though steam has now spread its dominion over the globe, the Atlantic is still the sea where it puts forth its greatest powers. The several lines of Mail Steamers across this Ocean, and more especially those familiarly known as the Cunard and Collins lines, have reached a degree of speed and regularity, which it would be hazardous to say

may not hereafter be surpassed, but which will ever be a monument and mark of human progress, in applying the physical elements to the uses and demands of man. It is no serious disparagement to the second of these lines, to say that it has lost the superiority for a short time gained in speed over the Cunard line of English steamers. According to an American statement now before us, we find that, during the last year, the average of twenty-five passages from Liverpool to New York, by the American steamers, was 12 days 16½ hours—by the English steamers, 11 days 22 hours: of passages from New York to Liverpool, by the American vessels, 12 days 8 hours—by the English, 11 days 3 hours. Many circumstances concur to this result; chiefly, perhaps, the consummate discipline of the English vessels in their every department of service. But the rivalry we regard as an honorable one, and it may yet be maintained, advantageously to the interest of both nations.

It is not, however, a rivalry without risk. In seeking for the maximum of speed, safety is jeopardized in all these great lines of mail steamers. Winter storms, icebergs, fogs, tropical hurricanes, and collisions with other vessels, are all encountered at high rates of velocity. Experience and discipline have done much to protect against these dangers, but serious hazards still exist; and especially those of collision, which are constantly augmenting in an ocean every year more crowded with ships, seeking to find the shortest passage across it. In these days, however, of bold design and prompt execution, there are few ills which do not bring with them the suggestion of remedy. Lieut. Maury, and others in sequel to him, have urged the adoption of "*steam lanes*" across the Atlantic; that is, definite lines of navigation of a certain width, and distinct from others throughout; so appropriated severally to vessels going east or west, that the chances of collision may be greatly lessened, if not actually re-

moved. The width of the zone of ocean now traversed by the mail steamers is about 250 miles. It is proposed to mark off *lanes*, 20 or 25 miles in width, on the northern and southern borders of this zone, as the routes respectively to be followed and adhered to, by all steam vessels crossing in one direction or the other. The scheme, or some one equivalent to it, we doubt not to be practicable; and such is its obvious utility, that we as little doubt its being eventually carried into effect. The phrase of a *Steam lane* may somewhat startle those who are wont to associate with this word the cross roads of a midland rural district—the high hedges, deep ditches, and straggling cart-ruts; the bushes of blackberry, hazel-nut, and hawthorn, and the hundred sweet flowers and weeds which luxuriate on the hedge banks. We cannot quarrel, however, with this new use of the term, if the object be fulfilled to which it is applied;—if *long lanes* of ocean, "which have no turning," be really laid out for the safer navigation of the seas. The very simplicity and familiarity of the name is a tribute to that prowess of man, which has taught him thus to mark out and pursue a fixed path through the wide wilderness of waters.

Though not having exhausted the subject of the Atlantic, either in its physical features, or in its relations to human industry and power, we stop here, only to refer our readers to Lieut. Maury's own observations on these subjects. The points we have touched upon will show how copious and interesting a topic, under both these aspects, is the "Physical Geography of the Sea;" and how worthy to be embodied with the other great natural sciences, which at this time enlighten and animate the world. Every year enlarges its domain; and we may fairly predict that the history of the Atlantic, written twenty years hence, will be a record of numerous physical facts, now either wholly unknown, or dimly and doubtfully understood.

DO BEES USE SOOT?—In the new edition of that fascinating book, *The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, the writer says that in the wide chimneys of the cottages in the "Lake districts" he often used to hear the murmur of bees, and "on inquiry," he adds, "I found that soot (chiefly from wood and peats) was

useful in some stage of their wax or honey manufacture." Is there any foundation of fact in this—to me—strange assertion? As an old bee-keeper, I was as little prepared for it on any ground of personal observation, as I am bound, on other accounts, to question its correctness.—*Notes and Queries.*

## PART II.—CHAPTER III.

The last chapter has given the discerning reader sufficient insight into the state of things at Cheverel Manor in the summer of 1788. In that summer, we know, the great nation of France was agitated by conflicting thoughts and passions, which were but the beginning of sorrows. And in our Caterina's little breast, too, there were terrible struggles. The poor bird was beginning to flutter and vainly dash its soft breast against the hard iron bars of the inevitable, and we see too plainly the danger, if that anguish should go on heightening instead of being allayed, that the palpitating heart may be fatally bruised.

Meanwhile, if, as I hope, you feel some interest in Catina and her friends at Cheverel Manor, you are perhaps asking, How came she to be there? How was it that this tiny, dark-eyed child of the south, whose face was immediately suggestive of olive-colored hills and taper-lit shrines, came to have her home in that stately English manor-house, by the side of the blonde matron, Lady Cheverel—almost as if a humming-bird were found perched on one of the elm-trees in the park, by the side of her ladyship's handsomest pouter-pigeon? Speaking good English, too, and joining in Protestant prayers; surely, she must have been adopted and brought over to England at a very early age? She was.

During Sir Christopher's last visit to Italy with his lady, fifteen years before, they resided for some time at Milan, where Sir Christopher, who was an enthusiast for Gothic architecture, and was then entertaining the project of metamorphosing his plain brick family mansion into the model of a Gothic manor-house, was bent on studying the details of that marble miracle, the Cathedral. Here Lady Cheverel, as at other Italian cities where she made any protracted stay, engaged a *maestro* to give her lessons in singing, for she had then not only fine musical taste, but a fine soprano voice. Those were days when very rich people used manuscript music, and many a man who resembled Jean Jaques in nothing else, resembled him in getting a livelihood "*à copier la musique à tant la page*." Lady Cheverel having need of this service, Maestro Albani told her he would send her a *poveraccio* of his acquaintance, whose manuscript was the

neatest and most correct he knew of. Unhappily, the *poveraccio* was not always in his best wits, and was sometimes rather slow in consequence; but it would be a work of Christian charity worthy of the beautiful Signora to employ poor Sarti.

The next morning, Mrs. Sharp, then a blooming abigail of three-and-thirty, entered her lady's private room, and said: "If you please, my lady, there's the frowziest, shabbiest man you ever saw outside, and he's told Mr. Warren as the singing-master sent him to see your ladyship. But I think you'll hardly like him to come in here. Belike he's only a beggar."

"O yes, show him in immediately."

Mrs. Sharp retired, muttering something about "fleas and worse." She had the smallest possible admiration for fair Ausonia and its natives, and even her profound deference for Sir Christopher and her lady could not prevent her from expressing her amazement at the infatuation of gentlefolks in choosing to sojourn among "Papises, in countries where there was no getting to air a bit o' linin, and where the people smelt o' garlick fit to knock you down."

However, she presently reappeared, ushering in a small meagre man, sallow and dingy, with a restless wandering look in his dull eyes, and an excessive timidity about his deep reverences, which gave him the air of a man who had been long a solitary prisoner. Yet through all this squalor and wretchedness there were some traces discernible of comparative youth and former good looks. Lady Cheverel, though not very tender-hearted, still less sentimental, was essentially kind, and liked to dispense benefits like a goddess, who looks down benignly on the halt, the maimed, and the blind that approach her shrine. She was smitten with some compassion at the sight of poor Sarti, who struck her as the mere battered wreck of a vessel that might have once floated gaily enough on its outward voyage, to the sound of pipes and tabors. She spoke gently as she pointed out to him the operatic selections she wished him to copy, and he seemed to sun himself in her auburn, radiant presence, so that when he made his exit with the music-books under his arm, his bow, though not less reverent, was less timid.

It was ten years at least since Sarti had seen any thing so bright and stately and beautiful as Lady Cheverel. For the time was far off in which he had trod the stage in satin and feathers, the *primo tenore* of one short season. Alas! he had completely lost his voice in the following winter, and had ever since been little better than a cracked fiddle, which is good for nothing but fire-wood. For, like many Italian singers, he was too ignorant to teach, and if it had not been for his one talent of penmanship, he and his young helpless wife might have starved. Then, just after their third child was born, fever came, swept away the sickly mother and the two eldest children, and attacked Sarti himself, who rose from his sick-bed with enfeebled brain and muscle, and a tiny baby on his hands, scarcely four months old. He lodged over a fruit-shop kept by a stout virago, loud of tongue and irate in temper, but who had had children born to her, and so had taken care of the tiny, yellow, black-eyed *bambinetto*, and tended Sarti himself through his sickness. Here he continued to live, earning a meagre subsistence for himself and his little one by the work of copying music, put into his hands chiefly by Maestro Albani. He seemed to exist for nothing but the child: he tended it, he dandled it, he chatted to it, living with it alone in his one room above the fruit-shop, only asking his landlady to take care of the marmoset during his short absences in fetching and carrying home work. Customers frequenting that fruit-shop might often see the tiny Caterina seated on the floor with her legs in a heap of pease, which it was her delight to kick about; or perhaps deposited, like a kitten, in a large basket out of harm's way.

Sometimes, however, Sarti left his little one with another kind of protectress. He was very regular in his devotions, which he paid thrice a-week in the great cathedral, carrying Caterina with him. Here, when the high morning sun was warming the myriad glittering pinnacles without, and struggling against the massive gloom within, the shadow of a man with a child on his arm might be seen flitting across the more stationary shadows of pillar and mullion, and making its way towards a little tinsel Madonna hanging in a retired spot near the choir. Amid all the sublimities of the

mighty cathedral, poor Sarti had fixed on this tinsel Madonna as the symbol of Divine mercy and protection,—just as a child, in the presence of a great landscape, sees none of the glories of wood and sky, but sets its heart on a floating feather or insect that happens to be on a level with its eye. Here, then, Sarti worshipped and prayed, setting Caterina on the floor by his side; and now and then, when the cathedral lay near some place where he had to call, and did not like to take her, he would leave her there in front of the tinsel Madonna, where she would sit, perfectly good, amusing herself with low crowing noises and see-sawings of her tiny body. And when Sarti came back, he always found that the Blessed Mother had taken good care of Caterina.

That was briefly the history of Sarti, who fulfilled so well the orders Lady Cheverel gave him, that she sent him away again with a stock of new work. But this time, week after week passed, and he neither re-appeared nor sent home the music intrusted to him. Lady Cheverel began to be anxious, and was thinking of sending Warren to inquire at the address Sarti had given her, when one day, as she was equipped for driving out, the valet brought in a small piece of paper which he said had been left for her ladyship by a man who was carrying fruit. The paper contained only three tremulous lines, in Italian:

“Will the Eccellentissima, for the love of God, have pity on a dying man, and come to him?”

Lady Cheverel recognized the handwriting as Sarti's in spite of its tremulousness, and, going down to her carriage, ordered the Milanese coachman to drive to Strada Quinquagesima, Numero 10. The coach stopped in a dirty narrow street opposite La Pazzini's fruit-shop, and that large specimen of womanhood immediately presented herself at the door, to the extreme disgust of Mrs. Sharp who remarked privately to Mr. Warren that La Pazzina was a “hijeous porpis.” The fruit-woman, however, was all smiles and deep curtsies to the Eccellentissima, who, not very well understanding her Milanese dialect, abbreviated the conversation by asking to be shown at once to Signor Sarti. La Pazzina preceded her up the dark narrow stairs, and opened a door through which she begged her ladyship to enter. Directly opposite the



door lay Sarti, on a low miserable bed. His eyes were glazed, and no movement indicated that he was conscious of their entrance.

On the foot of the bed was seated a tiny child, apparently not three years old, her head covered by a linen cap, her feet clothed with leather boots, above which her little yellow legs showed thin and naked. A frock, made of what had once been a gay flowered silk, was her only other garment. Her large dark eyes shone from out her queer little face, like two precious stones in a grotesque image carved in old ivory. She held an empty medicine-bottle in her hand, and was amusing herself with putting the cork in and drawing it out again, to hear how it would pop.

La Pazzina went up to the bed, and said, "Ecco la nobilissima donna!" but directly after screamed out, "Holy Mother! he is dead!"

It was so. The entreaty had not been sent in time for Sarti to carry out his project of asking the great English lady to take care of his Caterina. That was the thought which haunted his feeble brain as soon as he began to fear that his illness would end in death. She had wealth—she was kind—she would surely do something for the poor orphan. And so, at last, he sent that scrap of paper, which won the fulfilment of his prayer, though he did not live to utter it. Lady Cheverel gave La Pazzina money that the last decencies might be paid to the dead man, and carried away Caterina, meaning to consult Sir Christopher as to what should be done with her. Even Mrs. Sharp had been so smitten with pity by the scene she had witnessed when she was summoned up-stairs to fetch Caterina, as to shed a small tear, though she was not at all subject to that weakness; indeed, she abstained from it on principle, because, as she often said, it was known to be the worst thing in the world for the eyes.

On the way back to her hotel, Lady Cheverel turned over various projects in her mind regarding Caterina, but at last one gained the preference over all the rest. Why should they not take the child to England, and bring her up there? They had been married twelve years, yet Cheverel Manor was chequered by no children's voices, and the old house would be all the better for a little of that music. Besides, it would be a Christian

work to train this little Papist into a good Protestant, and graft as much English fruit as possible on the Italian stem.

Sir Christopher listened to this plan with hearty acquiescence. He loved children, and took at once to the little black-eyed monkey—his name for Caterina all through her short life. But neither he nor Lady Cheverel had any idea of adopting her as their daughter, and giving her their own rank in life. They were much too English and aristocratic to think of any thing so romantic. No! The child would be brought up at Cheverel Manor as a protégée, to be ultimately useful, perhaps, in sorting worsteds, keeping accounts, reading aloud, and otherwise supplying the place of spectacles when her ladyship's eyes should wax dim.

So Mrs. Sharp had to procure new clothes, to replace the linen cap, flowered frock, and leathern boots; and now, strange to say, little Catina, who had suffered many unconscious evils in her existence of thirty moons, first began to know conscious troubles. "Ignorance," says Ajax, "is a painless evil;" so I should think is dirt, considering the merry faces that go along with it. At any rate, cleanliness is sometimes a painful good, as any one can vouch who has had his face washed the wrong way, by a pitiless hand with a gold ring on the third finger. If you, reader, have not known that initiatory anguish, it is idle to expect that you will form any approximate conception of what Catina endured under Mrs. Sharp's new dispensation of soap-and-water. Happily, this purgatory came presently to be associated in her tiny brain with a passage straightway to a seat of bliss—the sofa in Lady Cheverel's sitting-room, where there were toys to be broken, a ride was to be had on Sir Christopher's knee, and a spaniel of resigned temper was prepared to undergo small tortures without flinching.

#### CHAPTER IV.

In three months from the time of Caterina's adoption,—namely, in the late autumn of 1763,—the chimneys of Cheverel Manor were sending up unwonted smoke, and the servants were awaiting in excitement the return of their master and mistress after a two years' absence. Great was the astonishment of Mrs. Bellamy, the housekeeper, when Mr. Warren lifted a little black-eyed child out of the carriage, and great was Mrs. Sharp's

sense of superior information and experience, as she detailed Caterina's history, interspersed with copious comments, to the rest of the upper servants that evening, as they were taking a comfortable glass of grog together in the housekeeper's room.

A pleasant room it was, as any party need desire to muster in on a cold November evening. The fireplace alone was a picture; a wide and deep recess with a low brick altar in the middle, where great logs of dry wood sent myriad sparks up the dark chimney-throat; and over the front of this recess a large wooden entablature bearing this motto, finely carved in old English letters, "FEAR GOD AND HONOR THE KING." And beyond the party, who formed a half-moon with their chairs and well-furnished table round this bright fireplace, what a space of *chiaroscuro* for the imagination to revel in! Stretching across the far end of the room, what an oak table, high enough surely for Homer's gods, standing on four massive legs, bossed and bulging like sculptured urns! and, lining the distant wall, what vast cupboards, suggestive of inexhaustible apricot jam and promiscuous butler's perquisites! A stray picture or two had found their way down there, and made agreeable patches of dark brown on the buff-colored walls. High over the loud-resounding double door hung one which, from some indications of a face looming out of blackness, might by a great synthetic effort be pronounced a Magdalen. Considerably lower down hung the similitude of a hat and feathers, with portions of a ruff, stated by Mrs. Bellamy to represent Sir Francis Bacon, who invented gunpowder, and—in her opinion, "might ha' been better employed."

But this evening the mind is but slightly arrested by the great Verulam, and is in the humor to think a dead philosopher less interesting than a living gardener, who sits conspicuous in the half circle round the fireplace. Mr. Bates is habitually a guest in the housekeeper's room of an evening, preferring the social pleasures there—the feast of gossip and the flow of grog—to a bachelor's chair in his charming thatched cottage on a little island, where every sound is remote but the cawing of rooks and the screaming of wild geese—poetic sounds, doubtless, but, humanly speaking, not convivial.

Mr. Bates was by no means an average person, to be passed without special notice. He was a sturdy Yorkshireman, approaching forty, whose face Nature seemed to have colored when she was in a hurry, and had no time to attend to *nuances*, for every inch of him visible above his neckcloth was of one impartial redness; so that when he was at some distance your imagination was at liberty to place his lips anywhere between his nose and chin. Seen closer, his lips were discerned to be of a peculiar cut, and I fancy this had something to do with the peculiarity of his dialect, which, as we shall see, was individual rather than provincial. Mr. Bates was further distinguished from the common herd by a perpetual blinking of the eyes; and this, together with the red-rose tint of his complexion, and a way he had of hanging his head forward, and rolling it from side to side as he walked, gave him the air of a Bacchus in a blue apron, who, in the present reduced circumstances of Olympus, had taken to the management of his own vines. Yet, as gluttons are often thin, so sober men are often rubicund; and Mr. Bates was sober, with that manly, British, churchman-like sobriety which can carry a few glasses of grog without any perceptible clarification of ideas.

"Dang my boottens!" observed Mr. Bates, who, at the conclusion of Mrs. Sharp's narrative, felt himself urged to his strongest interjection, "it's what I shouldn't ha' looked for from Sir Cristhifer an' my ledy, to bring a furrin child into the coontry; an' depend on't, whether you an' me lives to see't or noo, it'll coom to soom harm. The first sitation iver I held—it was a hold, hancient habbey, wi' the biggest orchard o' apples an' pears you ever see—there was a French valet, an' he stool silk stooekins, an' shirts, an' rings, an' iverythin' he could ley his hans on, an' run away at last wi' th' missis's jewel-box. They're all alaike, them furriners. It roons i' th' blood."

"Well," said Mrs. Sharp, with the air of a person who held liberal views, but knew where to draw the line, "I'm not a-going to defend the furriners, for I've as good reason to know what they are as most folks, an' nobody 'll iver hear me say but what they're next door to heathens, and the hile they eat wi' their victuals is enough to turn any Christian's stomach. But for all that—an'

for all as the trouble in respect o' washin' an' managin' has fell upo' me through the journey—I can't say but what I think as my Lady an' Sir Cristifer's done a right thing by a hinnicent child as doesn't know its right han' from its left, i' bringing it where it'll learn to speak summat better nor gibberish, and be brought up i' the true religion. For as for them furrin churches as Sir Cristifer is so unaccountable mad after, wi' picturs o' men an' women a-showin' themselves just for all the world as God made 'em, I think, for my part, as its welly a sin to go into 'em."

"You're likely to have more foreigners, however," said Mr. Warren, who liked to provoke the gardener, "for Sir Christopher has engaged some Italian workmen to help in the alterations in the house."

"Oltérations!" exclaimed Mrs. Bellamy, in alarm. "What oltérations?"

"Why," answered Mr. Warren, "Sir Christopher, as I understand, is going to make a clean new thing of the old Manor-house, both inside and out. And he's got portfolios full of plans and pictures coming. It is to be cased with stone, in the Gothic style—pretty near like the churches, you know—as far as I can make out; and the ceilings are to be beyond any thing as has been seen in the country. Sir Christopher's been giving a deal of study to it."

"Dear heart alive!" said Mrs. Bellamy, "we shall be pisined wi' lime an' plaster, an' hev the house full o' workmen colloguing wi' the maids, an' meekin' no end o' mischief."

"That ye may ley your life on, Mrs. Bellamy," said Mr. Bates. "Howiver, I'll noot deny that the Goothic stayle's prithy anooof, an' it's woonderful how near them stoon-carvers cuts oot the shapes o' pine-apples, an' shamrucks, and rooses. I dare sey Sir Cristhifer'll meek a naice thing o' the Manor, an' there woot be many gentlemen's houses i' the coonthry as'll coom up to't, wi' sich a garden an' pleasure-greens an' wall-fruit as King George maight be prood on."

"Well, I can't think as th' house can be better nor it is, Gothic or no Gothic," said Mrs. Bellamy; "an' I've done the picklin' an' preservin' in it fourteen year Michaelmas was a three weeks. But what does my lady say to't?"

"My lady knows better than cross Sir Cristifer in what he's set his mind on," said Mr. Bellamy, who objected to the critical tone of the conversation. "Sir Cristifer'll hev his own way, *that* you may tek your oath. An' i' the right on't too. He's a gentleman born, an's got the money. But come, Mester Bates, fill your glass, an' we'll drink health and happiness to his honor an' my lady, an' then you shall give us a sung. Sir Cristifer doesn't come hum from Italy ivery night."

This demonstrable position was accepted without hesitation as ground for a toast; but Mr. Bates, apparently thinking that his song was not an equally reasonable sequence, ignored the second part of Mr. Bellamy's proposal. So Mrs. Sharp, who had been heard to say that she had no thoughts at all of marrying Mr. Bates, though he was "a sensible fresh-colored man as many a woman 'ud snap at for a husband," unforced Mr. Bellamy's appeal.

"Come, Mr. Bates, let us hear 'Roy's Wife.' I'd rether hear a good ool sung like that, nor all the fine 'talian toodlin'."

Mr. Bates, urged thus flatteringly, stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair with his head in that position in which he could look directly towards the zenith, and struck up a remarkably *staccato* rendering of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch." This melody may certainly be taxed with excessive iteration, but that was precisely its highest recommendation to the present audience, who found it all the easier to swell the chorus. Nor did it at all diminish their pleasure that the only particular concerning "Roy's Wife" which Mr. Bates' enunciation allowed them to gather, was that she "chated" him,—whether in the matter of garden stuff or of some other commodity, or why her name should, in consequence, be repeatedly reiterated with exultation, remaining an agreeable mystery.

Mr. Bates' song formed the climax of the evening's good-fellowship, and the party soon after dispersed—Mrs. Bellamy, perhaps, to dream of quick-lime flying among her preserving-pans, or of lovesick housemaids reckless of unswept corners; and Mrs. Sharp to sink into pleasant visions of independent house-keeping in Mr. Bates' cottage, with no bells

to answer, and with fruit and vegetables *ad libitum*.

Caterina soon conquered all prejudices against her foreign blood; for what prejudices will hold out against helplessness and broken prattle? She became the pet of the household, thrusting Sir Christopher's favorite bloodhound of that day, Mrs. Bellamy's two canaries, and Mr. Bates' largest Dorking hen, into a merely secondary position. The consequence was that in the space of a summer's day she went through a great cycle of experiences, commencing with the somewhat acidulated good-will of Mrs. Sharp's nursery discipline. Then came the grave luxury of her ladyship's sitting-room, and, perhaps, the dignity of a ride on Sir Christopher's knee, sometimes followed by a visit with him to the stables, where Caterina soon learned to hear without crying the baying of the chained bloodhounds, and to say, with ostentatious bravery, clinging to Sir Christopher's leg all the while, "Dey not hurt Tina." Then Mrs. Bellamy would perhaps be going out to gather the rose-leaves and lavender, and Tina was made proud and happy by being allowed to carry a handful in her pinafore; happier still, when they were spread out in sheets to dry, so that she could sit down like a frog among them, and have them poured over her in fragrant showers. Another frequent pleasure was to take a journey with Mr. Bates through the kitchen-gardens and the hot-houses, where the rich bunches of green and purple grapes hung from the roof, far out of reach of the tiny yellow hand that couldn't help stretching itself out towards them; though the hand was sure at last to be satisfied with some delicate-flavored fruit or sweet-scented flower. Indeed, in the long monotonous leisure of that great country-house, you may be sure there was always some one who had nothing better to do than to play with Tina. So that the little southern bird had its northern nest lined with tenderness, and caresses, and pretty things. A loving, sensitive nature was too likely, under such nurture, to have its susceptibility heightened into unfitness for an encounter with any harder experience; all the more, because there were gleams of fierce resistance to any discipline that had a harsh or unloving aspect. For the only thing in which Caterina showed any precocity was a certain ingenuity

in vindictiveness. When she was five years old she had revenged herself for an unpleasant prohibition by pouring the ink into Mrs. Sharp's work-basket; and once, when Lady Cheveril took her doll from her, because she was affectionately licking the paint off its face, the little minx straightway climbed on a chair and threw down a flower-vase that stood on a bracket. This was almost the only instance in which her anger overcame her awe of Lady Cheveril, who had the ascendancy always belonging to kindness that never melts into caresses, and is severely but uniformly beneficent.

By-and-by the happy monotony of Cheveril Manor was broken in upon in the way Mr. Warren had announced. The roads through the park were cut up by wagons carrying loads of stone from a neighboring quarry, the green courtyard became dusty with lime, and the peaceful house rang with the sound of tools. For the next ten years Sir Christopher was occupied with the architectural metamorphosis of his old family mansion; thus anticipating, through the prompting of his individual taste, that general reaction from the insipid imitation of the Palladian style, towards a restoration of the Gothic, which marked the close of the eighteenth century. This was the object he had set his heart on, with a singleness of determination which was regarded with not a little contempt by his fox-hunting neighbors, who wondered greatly that a man with some of the best blood in England in his veins, should be mean enough to economize in his cellar, and reduce his stud to two old coach-horses and a hack, for the sake of riding a hobby, and playing the architect. Their wives did not see so much to blame in the matter of the cellar and stables, but they were eloquent in pity for poor Lady Cheveril, who had to live in no more than three rooms at once, and who must be distracted with noises, and have her constitution undermined by unhealthy smells. It was as bad as having a husband with an asthma. Why did not Sir Christopher take a house for her at Bath, or, at least, if he must spend his time in overlooking workmen, somewhere in the neighborhood of the Manor? This pity was quite gratuitous, as the most plentiful pity always is; for, though Lady Cheveril did not share her husband's architectural enthusiasm, she had too



rigorous a view of a wife's duties, and too profound a deference for Sir Christopher, to regard submission as a grievance. As for Sir Christopher, he was perfectly indifferent to criticism. "An obstinate, crotchety man," said his neighbors. But I, who have seen Cheverel Manor as he bequeathed it to his heirs, rather attribute that unswerving architectural purpose of his, conceived and carried out through long years of systematic personal exertion, to something of the fervor of genius, as well as inflexibility of will; and in walking through those rooms, with their splendid ceilings and their meagre furniture, which tell how all the spare money had been absorbed before personal comfort was thought of, I have felt that there dwelt in this old English baronet some of that sublime spirit which distinguishes art from luxury, and worships beauty apart from self-indulgence.

While Cheverel Manor was growing from ugliness into beauty, Caterina too was growing from a little yellow bantling into a whiter maiden, with no positive beauty indeed, but with a certain light, airy grace, which, with her large appealing dark eyes, and a voice which, in its low-toned tenderness, recalled the love-notes of the stock-dove, gave her a more than usual charm. Unlike the building, however, Caterina's development was the result of no systematic or careful appliances. She grew up very much like the primroses, which the gardener is not sorry to see within his inclosure, but takes no pains to cultivate. Lady Cheverel taught her to read and write, and say her catechism; Mr. Warren being a good accountant, gave her lessons in arithmetic, by her ladyship's desire; and Mrs. Sharp initiated her in all the mysteries of the needle. But, for a long time, there was no thought of giving her any more elaborate education. It is very likely that to her dying day Caterina thought the earth stood still, and that the sun and stars moved round it; but so, for the matter of that, did Helen, and Dido, and Desdemona, and Juliet,—whence I hope you will not think my Caterina less worthy to be a heroine on that account. The truth is, that, with one exception, her only talent lay in loving; and there, it is probable, the most astronomical of women could not have surpassed her. Orphan and protégée though she was, this supreme talent of hers found

plenty of exercise at Cheverel Manor; and Caterina had more people to love than many a small lady and gentleman affluent in silver mugs and blood relations. I think the first place in her childish heart was given to Sir Christopher, for little girls are apt to attach themselves to the finest-looking gentleman at hand, especially as he seldom has any thing to do with discipline. Next to the baronet came Dorcas, the merry rosy-cheeked damsel who was Mrs. Sharp's lieutenant in the nursery, and thus played the part of the raisins in a dose of senna. It was a black day for Caterina when Dorcas married the coachman, and went, with a great sense of elevation in the world, to preside over a "public" in the noisy town of Sloppeter. A little china box, bearing the motto, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," which Dorcas sent her as a remembrance, was among Caterina's treasures ten years after.

The one other exceptional talent, you already guess, was music. When the fact that Caterina had a remarkable ear for music, and a still more remarkable voice, attracted Lady Cheverel's notice, the discovery was very welcome both to her and Sir Christopher. Her musical education became at once an object of interest. Lady Cheverel devoted much time to it; and the rapidity of Catina's progress surpassing all hopes, an Italian singing-master was engaged, for several years, to spend some months together at Cheverel Manor. This unexpected gift made a great alteration in Catina's position. After those first years in which little girls are petted like puppies and kittens, there comes a time when it seems less obvious what they can be good for, especially when, like Catina, they give no particular promise of cleverness or beauty; and it is not surprising that in that uninteresting period there was no particular plan formed as to her future position. She could always help Mrs. Sharp, supposing she were fit for nothing else, as she grew up; but now, this rare gift of song endeared her to Lady Cheverel, who loved music above all things, and associated her at once with the pleasures of the drawing-room. Insensibly she came to be regarded as one of the family, and the servants began to understand that Miss Sarti was to be a lady after all.

"And the raight on't too," said Mr.

Bates, "for she hasn't the cut of a gell as must work for her bread; she's as nesh an' dillicate as a paich-blussum—welly laike a linnet, wi' on'y joost body anoof to hold her voice."

But long before Catina had reached this stage of her history, a new era had begun for her, in the arrival of a younger companion than any she had hitherto known. When she was no more than seven, a ward of Sir Christopher's—a lad of fifteen, Maynard Gilfil by name—began to spend his vacations at Cheverel Manor, and found there no playfellow so much to his mind as Catina. Maynard was an affectionate lad, who retained a propensity to white rabbits, pet squirrels, and guinea-pigs, perhaps a little beyond the age at which young gentlemen usually look down on such pleasures as puerile. He was also much given to fishing, and to carpentry, considered as a fine art, without any base view to utility. And in all these pleasures it was his delight to have Caterina as his companion, to call her little pet names, answer her wondering questions, and have her toddling after him as you may have seen a Blenheim spaniel trotting after a large setter. Whenever Maynard went back to school, there was a little scene of parting.

"You won't forgèt me, Tina, before I come back again? I shall leave you all the whip-cord we've made; and don't you let Guinea die. Come, give me a kiss, and promise not to forget me."

As the years wore on, and Maynard passed from school to college, and from a slim lad to a stalwart young man, their companionship in the vacations necessarily took a different form, but it retained a brotherly and sisterly familiarity. With Maynard the boyish affection had insensibly grown into ardent love. Among all the many kinds of first love, that which begins in childish companionship is the strongest and most enduring: when passion comes to unite its force to long affection, love is at its spring-tide. And Maynard Gilfil's love was of a kind to make him prefer being tormented by Caterina to any pleasure, apart from her, which the most benevolent magician could have devised for him. It is the way with those tall large-limbed men, from Sampson downwards. As for Catina, the little minx was perfectly well aware that

Maynard was her slave; he was the one person in the world whom she did as she pleased with; and I need not tell you that this was a symptom of her being perfectly heart-whole so far as he was concerned: for a passionate woman's love is always overshadowed by fear.

Maynard Gilfil did not deceive himself in his interpretation of Catina's feelings, but he nursed the hope that some time or other she would at least care enough for him to accept his love. So he waited patiently for the day when he might venture to say, "Caterina, let me love you!" You see, he would have been content with very little, being one of those men who pass through life without making the least clamor about themselves; thinking neither the cut of his coat, nor the flavor of his soup, nor the precise depth of a servant's bow, at all momentous. He thought—foolishly enough, as lovers *will* think—that it was a good augury for him when he came to be domesticated at Cheverel Manor in the quality of chaplain there, and curate of a neighboring parish; judging falsely, from his own case, that habit and affection were the likeliest avenues to love. Sir Christopher satisfied several feelings in installing Maynard as chaplain in his house. He liked the old-fashioned dignity of that domestic appendage; he liked his ward's companionship; and, as Maynard had some private fortune, he might take life easily in that agreeable home, keeping his hunter, and observing a mild regimen of clerical duty, until the Cumbermoor living should fall in, when he might be settled for life in the neighborhood of the Manor. "With Caterina for a wife, too," Sir Christopher soon began to think; for though the good baronet was not at all quick to suspect what was unpleasant and opposed to his views of fitness, he was quick to see what would dovetail with his own plans; and he had first guessed, and then ascertained by direct inquiry, the state of Maynard's feelings. He at once leaped to the conclusion that Caterina was of the same mind, or at least would be, when she was old enough. But these were too early days for any thing definite to be said or done.

Meanwhile, new circumstances were arising, which, though they made no change in Sir Christopher's plans and prospects, converted Mr. Gilfil's hopes into anxieties, and

made it clear to him not only that Caterina's heart was never likely to be his, but that it was given entirely to another.

Once or twice in Caterina's childhood, there had been another boy-visitor at the manor, younger than Maynard Gilfil—a beautiful boy with brown curls and splendid clothes, on whom Caterina had looked with shy admiration. This was Anthony Wybrow, the son of Sir Christopher's younger sister, and chosen heir of Cheverel Manor. The baronet had sacrificed a large sum, and even straitened the resources by which he was to carry out his architectural schemes, for the sake of removing the entail from his estate, and making this boy his heir—moved to the step, I am sorry to say, by an implacable quarrel with his elder sister; for a power of forgiveness was not among Sir Christopher's virtues. At length, on the death of Anthony's mother, when he was no longer a curly-headed boy, but a tall young man, with a captain's commission, Cheverel Manor became *his* home, too, whenever he was absent from his regiment. Caterina was then a little woman, between sixteen and seventeen, and I need not spend many words in explaining what you perceive to be the most natural thing in the world.

There was little company kept at the Manor, and Captain Wybrow would have been much duller if Caterina had not been there. It was pleasant to pay her attentions—to speak to her in gentle tones, to see her little flutter of pleasure, the blush that just lit up her pale cheek, and the momentary timid glance of her dark eyes, when he praised her singing, leaning at her side over the piano. Pleasant, too, to cut out that chaplain, with his large calves! What idle man can withstand the temptation of a woman to fascinate, and another man to eclipse?—especially when it is quite clear to himself that he means no mischief, and shall leave every thing to come right again by-and-by. At the end of eighteen months, however, during which Captain Wybrow had spent much of his time at the Manor, he found that matters had reached a point which he had not at all contemplated. Gentle tones had led to tender words, and tender words had called forth a response of looks which made it impossible not to carry on the *crescendo* of love-making. To find oneself adored by a little, graceful, dark-eyed, sweet-

singing woman, whom no one need despise, is an agreeable sensation, comparable to smoking the finest Latakia, and also imposes some return of tenderness as a duty.

Perhaps you think that Captain Wybrow, who knew that it would be ridiculous to dream of his marrying Caterina, must have been a reckless libertine to win her affections in this manner! Not at all. He was a young man of calm passions, who was rarely led into any conduct of which he could not give a plausible account to himself; and the tiny fragile Caterina was a woman who touched the imagination and the affections rather than the senses. He really felt very kindly towards her, and would very likely have loved her—if he had been able to love any one. But nature had not endowed him with that capability. She had given him an admirable figure, the whitest of hands, the most delicate nostrils, and a large amount of serene self-satisfaction; but, as if to save such a delicate piece of work from any risk of being shattered, she had guarded him from the liability to a strong emotion. There was no list of youthful misdemeanors on record against him, and Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel thought him the best of nephews, the most satisfactory of heirs, full of grateful deference to themselves, and, above all things, guided by a sense of duty. Captain Wybrow always did the thing easiest and most agreeable to him from a sense of duty; he dressed expensively, because it was a duty he owed to his position; from a sense of duty he adapted himself to Sir Christopher's inflexible will, which it would have been troublesome as well as useless to resist; and, being of a delicate constitution, he took care of his health from a sense of duty. His health was the only point on which he gave anxiety to his friends; and it was owing to this that Sir Christopher wished to see his nephew early married, the more so as a match after the baronet's own heart appeared immediately attainable. Anthony had seen and admired Miss Assher, the only child of a lady who had been Sir Christopher's earliest love, but who, as things will happen in this world, had married another baronet instead of him. Miss Assher's father was now dead, and she was in possession of a pretty estate. If, as was probable, she should prove susceptible to the merits of Anthony's person and character, nothing could make Sir Chris-

topher so happy as to see a marriage which might be expected to secure the inheritance of Cheverel Manor from getting into the wrong hands. Anthony had already been kindly received by Lady Assher as the nephew of her early friend; why should he not go to Bath, where she and her daughter were then residing, follow up the acquaintance, and win a handsome, well-born, and sufficiently wealthy bride?

Sir Christopher's wishes were communicated to his nephew, who at once intimated his willingness to comply with them, from a sense of duty. Caterina was tenderly informed by her lover of the sacrifice demanded from them both; and three days afterwards occurred the parting scene you have witnessed in the gallery, on the eve of Captain Wybrow's departure for Bath.

#### CHAPTER V.

The inexorable ticking of the clock is like the throb of pain, to sensations made keen by a sickening fear. And so it is with the great clock-work of nature. Daisies and buttercups give way to the brown waving grasses, tinged with the warm red sorrel; the waving grasses are swept away, and the meadows lie like emeralds set in the bushy hedgerows; the tawny-tipped corn begins to bow with the weight of the full ear; the reapers are bending amongst it, and it soon stands in sheaves; then, presently, the patches of yellow stubble lie side by side with streaks of dark red earth, which the plough is turning up in preparation for the new-threshed seed. And this passage from beauty to beauty, which to the happy is like the flow of a melody, measures for many a human heart the approach of foreseen anguish,—seems hurrying on the moment when the shadow of dread will be followed up by the reality of despair.

How cruelly hasty that summer of 1788 seemed to Caterina! Surely the roses vanished earlier, and the berries on the mountain-ash were more impatient to redden, and bring on the autumn, when she would be face to face with her misery, and witness Anthony giving all his gentle tones, tender words, and soft looks, to another.

Before the end of July, Captain Wybrow had written word that Lady Assher and her daughter were about to fly from the heat and gaiety of Bath to the shady quiet of their

place at Farleigh, and that he was invited to join the party there. His letters implied that he was on an excellent footing with both the ladies, and gave no hint of a rival; so that Sir Christopher was more than usually bright and cheerful after reading them. At length, towards the close of August, came the announcement that Captain Wybrow was an accepted lover, and after much complimentary and congratulatory correspondence between the two families, it was understood that in September Lady Assher and her daughter would pay a visit to Cheverel Manor, when Beatrice would make the acquaintance of her future relatives, and all needful arrangements could be discussed. Captain Wybrow would remain at Farleigh till then, and accompany the ladies on their journey.

In the interval, every one at Cheverel Manor had something to do by way of preparing for the visitors. Sir Christopher was occupied in consultations with his steward and lawyer, and in giving orders to every one else, especially in spurring on Francesco to finish the saloon. Mr. Gilfil had the responsibility of procuring a lady's horse, Miss Assher being a great rider; Lady Cheverel had unwonted calls to make and invitations to deliver. Mr. Bates' turf, and gravel, and flower-beds were always at such a point of neatness and finish that nothing extraordinary could be done in the garden, except a little extraordinary scolding of the undergardener, and this addition Mr. Bates did not neglect.

Happily for Caterina, she too had her task to fill up the long dreary daytime: it was to finish a chair cushion which would complete the set of embroidered covers for the drawing-room, Lady Cheverel's year-long work, and the only noteworthy bit of furniture in the Manor. Over this embroidery she sat with cold lips and a palpitating heart, thankful that this miserable sensation throughout the daytime seemed to counteract the tendency to tears which returned with night and solitude. She was most frightened when Sir Christopher approached her. The baronet's eye was brighter and his step more elastic than ever, and it seemed to him that only the most leaden or churlish souls could be otherwise than brisk and exulting in a world where every thing went so well. Dear old gentleman! he had gone through life a little



flushed with the power of his will, and now his latest plan was succeeding, and Cheverel Manor would be inherited by a grand-nephew, whom he might even yet live to see a fine young fellow with at least the down on his chin. Why not! one is still young at sixty.

Sir Christopher had always something playful to say to Caterina.

"Now, little monkey, you must be in your best voice; you're the minstrel of the Manor, you know, and be sure you have a pretty gown and a new ribbon. You must not be dressed in russet, though you are a singing-bird." Or perhaps: "It is your turn to be courted next, Tina. But don't you learn any naughty proud airs. I must have Maynard let off easily."

Caterina's affection for the old baronet helped her to summon up a smile as he stroked her cheek and looked at her kindly, but that was the moment at which she felt it most difficult not to burst out crying. Lady Cheverel's conversation and presence were less trying; for her ladyship felt no more than calm satisfaction in this family event; and besides, she was further sobered by a little jealousy at Sir Christopher's anticipation of pleasure in seeing Lady Assher, enshrined in his memory as a mild-eyed beauty of sixteen, with whom he had exchanged looks before he went on his first travels. Lady Cheverel would have died rather than confess it, but she couldn't help hoping that he would be disappointed in Lady Assher, and rather ashamed of having called her so charming.

Mr. Gilfil watched Caterina through these days with mixed feelings. Her suffering went to his heart; but, even for her sake, he was glad that a love which could never come to good should be no longer fed by false hopes; and how could he help saying to himself, "Perhaps, after a while, Caterina will be tired of fretting about that cold-hearted puppy, and then——"

At length the much-expected day arrived, and the brightest of September suns was lighting up the yellow lime-trees, as about five o'clock Lady Assher's carriage drove under the portico. Caterina, seated at work in her own room, heard the rolling of the wheels, followed presently by the opening and shutting of doors, and the sound of voices in the corridors. Remembering that

the dinner-hour was six, and that Lady Cheverel had desired her to be in the drawing-room early, she started up to dress, and was delighted to find herself feeling suddenly brave and strong. Curiosity to see Miss Assher—the thought that Anthony was in the house—the wish not to look unattractive, were feelings that brought some color to her lips, and made it easy to attend to her toilette. They would ask her to sing this evening, and she would sing well. Miss Assher should not think her utterly insignificant. So she put on her gray silk gown and her cherry-colored ribbon with as much care as if she had been herself the betrothed; not forgetting the pair of round pearl ear-rings which Sir Christopher had told Lady Cheverel to give her, because Tina's little ears were so pretty.

Quick as she had been, she found Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel in the drawing-room, chatting with Mr. Gilfil, and telling him how handsome Miss Assher was, but how entirely unlike her mother—apparently resembling her father only.

"Aha!" said Sir Christopher, as he turned to look at Caterina, "what do you think of this, Maynard? Did you ever see Tina look so pretty before? Why, that little gray gown has been made out of a bit of my lady's, hasn't it? It doesn't take any thing much larger than a pocket-handkerchief to dress the little monkey."

Lady Cheverel, too, serenely radiant in the assurance a single glance had given her of Lady Assher's inferiority, smiled approval, and Caterina was in one of those moods of self-possession and indifference which come as the ebb-tide between the struggles of passion. She retired to the piano, and busied herself with arranging her music, not at all insensible to the pleasure of being looked at with admiration the while, and thinking that, the next time the door opened, Captain Wybrow would enter, and she would speak to him quite cheerfully. But when she heard him come in, and the scent of roses floated towards her, her heart gave one great leap. She knew nothing till he was pressing her hand, and saying, in the old easy way, "Well, Caterina, how do you do? You look quite blooming."

She felt her cheeks reddening with anger that he could speak and look with such perfect nonchalance. Ah! he was too deeply in love with some one else to remember any

thing he had felt for her. But the next moment she was conscious of her folly;—"as if he could show any feeling then!" This conflict of emotions stretched into a long interval the few moments that elapsed before the door opened again, and her own attention, as well as that of all the rest, was absorbed by the entrance of the two ladies.

The daughter was the more striking from the contrast she presented to her mother, a round-shouldered, middle-sized woman, who had once had the transient pink-and-white beauty of a blonde, with ill-defined features and early embonpoint. Miss Assher was tall, and gracefully though substantially formed, carrying herself with an air of mingled graciousness and self-confidence; her dark brown hair, untouched by powder, hanging in bushy curls round her face, and falling behind in long thick ringlets nearly to her waist. The brilliant carmine tint of her well-rounded cheeks, and the finely-cut outline of her straight nose, produced an impression of splendid beauty, in spite of commonplace brown eyes, a narrow forehead, and thin lips. She was in mourning, and the dead black of her crape dress, relieved here and there by jet ornaments, gave the fullest effect to her complexion, and to the rounded whiteness of her arms, bare from the elbow. The first *coup d'ail* was dazzling, and as she stood looking down with a gracious smile on Caterina, whom Lady Cheverel was presenting to her, the poor little thing seemed to herself to feel, for the first time, all the folly of her former dream.

"We are enchanted with your place, Sir Christopher," said Lady Assher, with a feeble kind of pompousness, which she seemed to be copying from some one else. "I'm sure your nephew must have thought Farleigh wretchedly out of order. Poor Sir John was so very careless about keeping up the house and grounds. I often talked to him about it, but he said, 'Pooh, pooh! as long as my friends find a good dinner and a good bottle of wine, they won't care about my ceilings being rather smoky.' He was so very hospitable, was Sir John."

"I think the view of the house from the park, just after we passed the bridge, particularly fine," said Miss Assher, interposing rather eagerly, as if she feared her mother might be making infelicitous speeches, "and

the pleasure of the first glimpse was all the greater because Anthony would describe nothing to us beforehand. He would not spoil our first impressions by raising false ideas. I long to go over the house, Sir Christopher, and learn the history of all your architectural designs, which Anthony says have cost you so much time and study."

"Take care how you set an old man talking about the past, my dear," said the baronet; "I hope we shall find something pleasanter for you to do than turning over my old plans and pictures. Our friend Mr. Gilfil here has found a beautiful mare for you, and you can scour the country to your heart's content. Anthony has sent us word what a horsewoman you are."

Miss Assher turned to Mr. Gilfil with her most beaming smile, and expressed her thanks with the elaborate graciousness of a person who means to be thought charming, and is sure of success.

"Pray do not thank me," said Mr. Gilfil, "till you have tried the mare. She has been ridden by Lady Sara Linter for the last two years; but one lady's taste may not be like another's in horses, any more than in other matters."

While this conversation was passing, Captain Wybrow was leaning against the mantelpiece, contenting himself with responding from under his indolent eyelids to the glances Miss Assher was constantly directing towards him as she spoke. "She is very much in love with him," thought Caterina. But she was relieved that Anthony remained passive in his attentions. She thought, too, that he was looking paler and more languid than usual. "If he didn't love her very much, if he sometimes thought of the past with regret, I think I could bear it all, and be glad to see Sir Christopher made happy."

During dinner there was a little incident which confirmed these thoughts. When the sweets were on the table, there was a mould of jelly just opposite Captain Wybrow, and, being inclined to take some himself, he first invited Miss Assher, who colored, and said, in rather a sharper key than usual, "Have you not learned by this time that I never take jelly?"

"Don't you?" said Captain Wybrow, whose perceptions were not acute enough for him to notice the difference of a semitone

"I should have thought you were fond of it. There was always some on the table at Farleigh, I think."

"You don't seem to take much interest in my likes and dislikes."

"I'm too much possessed by the happy thought that you like me," was the *ex officio* reply, in silvery tones.

This little episode was unnoticed by every one but Caterina. Sir Christopher was listening with polite attention to Lady Assher's history of her last man-cook, who was first-rate at gravies, and for that reason pleased Sir John—he was so particular about his gravies, was Sir John; and so they kept the man six years in spite of his bad pastry. Lady Cheverel and Mr. Gilfil were smiling at Rupert the bloodhound, who had pushed his great head under his master's arm, and was taking a survey of the dishes, after snuffing at the contents of the baronet's plate.

When the ladies were in the drawing-room again, Lady Assher was soon deep in a statement to Lady Cheverel of her views about burying people in woollen.

"To be sure, you must have a woollen dress, because it's the law, you know; but that need hinder no one from putting linen underneath. I always used to say, 'If Sir John died to-morrow, I would bury him in his shirt;' and I did. And let me advise you to do so by Sir Christopher. You never saw Sir John, Lady Cheverel. He was a large tall man, with a nose just like Beatrice, and so very particular about his shirts."

Miss Assher, meanwhile, had seated herself by Caterina, and with that smiling affability which seems to say, "I am really not at all proud, though you might expect it of me," said:

"Anthony tells me you sing so very beautifully. I hope we shall hear you this evening."

"O yes," said Caterina, quietly, without smiling; "I always sing when I am wanted to sing."

"I envy you such a charming talent. Do you know, I have no ear; I cannot hum the smallest tune, and I delight in music so. Is it not unfortunate? But I shall have quite a treat while I am here; Captain Wybrow says you will give us some music every day."

"I should have thought you wouldn't care about music if you had no ear," said Caterina,

becoming epigrammatic by force of grave simplicity.

"O, I assure you, I doat on it; and Anthony is so fond of it; it would be so delightful if I could play and sing to him; though he says he likes me best not to sing, because it doesn't belong to his idea of me. What style of music do you like best?"

"I don't know. I like all beautiful music."

"And are you as fond of riding as of music?"

"No; I never ride. I think I should be very frightened."

"O no! indeed you would not, after a little practice. I have never been in the least timid. I think Anthony is more afraid for me than I am for myself; and since I have been riding with him, I have been obliged to be more careful, because he is so nervous about me."

Caterina made no reply; but she said to herself: "I wish she would go away, and not talk to me. She only wants me to admire her good-nature, and to talk about Anthony."

Miss Assher was thinking at the same time: "This Miss Sarti seems a stupid little thing. Those musical people often are. But she is prettier than I expected; Anthony said she was not pretty."

Happily at this moment Lady Assher called her daughter's attention to the embroidered cushions, and Miss Assher, walking to the opposite sofa, was soon in conversation with Lady Cheverel about tapestry and embroidery in general, while her mother, feeling herself superseded there; came and placed herself beside Caterina.

"I hear you are the most beautiful singer," was of course the opening remark. "All Italians sing so beautifully. I travelled in Italy with Sir John when we were first married, and we went to Venice, where they go about in gondolas, you know. You don't wear powder, I see. No more will Beatrice; though many people think her curls would look all the better for powder. She has so much hair, hasn't she? Our last maid dressed it much better than this; but, do you know, she wore Beatrice's stockings before they went to the wash, and we couldn't keep her after that, could we?"

Caterina, accepting the question as a mere

bit of rhetorical effect, thought it superfluous to reply, till Lady Assher repeated, "Could we, now?" as if Tina's sanction were essential to her repose of mind. After a faint "No," she went on.

"Maids are so very troublesome, and Beatrice is so particular, you can't imagine. I often say to her, 'My dear, you can't have perfection.' That very gown she has on—to be sure it fits her beautifully now—but it has been unmade and made up again twice. But she is like poor Sir John—he was so very particular about his own things, was Sir John. Is Lady Cheverel particular?"

"Rather. But Mrs. Sharp has been her maid twenty years."

"I wish there was any chance of our keeping Griffin twenty years. But I am afraid we shall have to part with her because her health is so delicate; and she is so obstinate, she will not take bitters as I want her. You look delicate, now. Let me recommend you to take camomile tea in a morning, fasting. Beatrice is so strong and healthy, she never takes any medicine; but if I had had twenty girls, and they had been delicate, I should have given them all camomile tea. It strengthens the constitution beyond anything. Now, will you promise me to take camomile tea?"

"Thank you; I'm not at all ill," said Caterina. "I've always been pale and thin."

Lady Assher was sure camomile tea would make all the difference in the world—Caterina must see if it wouldn't—and then went dribbling on like a leaky shower-bath, until the early entrance of the gentlemen created a diversion, and she fastened on Sir Christopher, who probably began to think that, for poetical purposes, it would be better not to meet one's first love again, after a lapse of forty years.

Captain Wybrow, of course, joined his aunt and Miss Assher, and Mr. Gilfil tried to relieve Caterina from the awkwardness of sitting aloof and dumb, by telling her how a friend of his had broken his arm and staked his horse that morning, not at all appearing to heed that she hardly listened, and was looking towards the other side of the room. One of the tortures of jealousy is, that it can never turn away its eyes from the thing that pains it.

By-and-by every one felt the need of a relief from chitchat—Sir Christopher perhaps the most of all—and it was he who made the acceptable proposition:

"Come, Tina, are we to have no music to-night before we sit down to cards? Your ladyship plays at cards, I think?" he added, recollecting himself, and turning to Lady Assher.

"O yes! Poor dear Sir John would have a whist-table every night."

Caterina sat down to the harpsichord at once, and had no sooner begun to sing than she perceived with delight that Captain Wybrow was gliding towards the harpsichord, and soon standing in the old place. This consciousness gave fresh strength to her voice; and when she noticed that Miss Assher presently followed him, with that air of ostentatious admiration which belongs to the absence of real enjoyment, her closing *bravura* was none the worse for being animated by a little triumphant contempt.

"Why, you are in better voice than ever, Caterina," said Captain Wybrow, when she had ended. "This is rather different from Miss Hibbert's small piping that we used to be glad of at Farleigh, is it not, Beatrice?"

"Indeed it is. You are a most enviable creature, Miss Sarti—Caterina—may I not call you Caterina? for I have heard Anthony speak of you so often, I seem to know you quite well. You will let me call you Caterina?"

"O yes, every one calls me Caterina, only when they call me Tina."

"Come, come, more singing, more singing, little monkey," Sir Christopher called out from the other side of the room. "We have not had half enough yet."

Caterina was ready enough to obey, for while she was singing she was queen of the room, and Miss Assher was reduced to grimacing admiration. Alas! you see what jealousy was doing in this poor young soul. Caterina, who had passed her life as a little unobtrusive singing-bird, nestling so fondly under the wings that were outstretched for her, her heart beating only to the peaceful rhythm of love, or fluttering with some easily stifled fear, had begun to know the fierce palpitations of triumph and hatred.

When the singing was over, Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel sat down to whist



with Lady Assher and Mr. Gilfil, and Caterina placed herself at the baronet's elbow, as if to watch the game, that she might not appear to thrust herself on the pair of lovers. At first she was glowing with her little triumph, and felt the strength of pride; but her eye *would* steal to the opposite side of the fireplace, where Captain Wybrow had seated himself close to Miss Assher, and was leaning with his arm over the back of her chair, in the most lover-like position. Caterina began to feel a choking sensation. She could see, almost without looking, that he was taking up her arm to examine her bracelet; their heads were bending close together, her curls touching his cheek—now he was putting his lips to her hand. Caterina felt her cheeks burn—she could sit no longer. She got up, pretended to be gliding about in search of something, and at length slipped out of the room.

Outside, she took a candle, and, hurrying along the passages and up the stairs to her own room, locked the door.

"O, I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!" The poor thing burst out aloud, clasping her little fingers, and pressing them back against her forehead, as if she wanted to break them.

Then she walked hurriedly up and down the room.

"And this must go on for days and days, and I must see it."

She looked about nervously for something to clutch. There was a muslin kerchief lying on the table; she took it up and tore it into shreds as she walked up and down, and then pressed it into hard balls in her hand.

"And Anthony," she thought, "he can do this without caring for what I feel. O, he can forget every thing: how he used to say he loved me—how he used to take my hand in his as we walked—how he used to stand near me in the evenings for the sake of looking into my eyes."

"O, it is cruel, it is cruel!" she burst out again aloud, as all those love-moments in the past returned upon her. Then the tears gushed forth, she threw herself on her knees by the bed, and sobbed bitterly.

She did not know how long she had been there, till she was startled by the prayer-bell; when, thinking Lady Cheverel might perhaps send some one to inquire after her,

she rose, and began hastily to undress, that there might be no possibility of her going down again. She had hardly unfastened her hair, and thrown a loose gown about her, before there was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Sharp's voice said—"Miss Tina, my lady wants to know if you're ill."

Caterina opened the door and said, "Thank you, dear Mrs. Sharp: I have a bad headache; please tell my lady I felt it come on after singing."

"Then, goodness me! why aren't you in bed, instead of standing shivering there, fit to catch your death. Come, let me fasten up your hair and tuck you up warm."

"O no, thank you; I shall really be in bed very soon. Good-night, dear Sharpy; don't scold; I will be good and get into bed."

Caterina kissed her old friend coaxingly, but Mrs. Sharp was not to be "come over" in that way, and insisted on seeing her former charge in bed, taking away the candle which the poor child had wanted to keep as a companion.

But it was impossible to lie there long with that beating heart; and the little white figure was soon out of bed again, seeking relief in the very sense of chill and discomfort. It was light enough for her to see about her room, for the moon, nearly at full, was riding high in the heavens among scattered hurrying clouds. Catina drew aside the window-curtain; and, sitting with her forehead pressed against the cold pane, looked out on the wide stretch of park and lawn.

How dreary the moonlight is! robbed of all its tenderness and repose by the hard driving wind. The trees are harassed by that tossing motion, when they would like to be at rest; the shivering grass makes her quake with sympathetic cold; and the willows by the pool, bent low and white under that invisible harshness, seem agitated and helpless like herself. But she loves the scene the better for its sadness: there is sympathy in it. It is not like that hard unfeeling happiness of lovers, flaunting in the eyes of misery.

She set her teeth tight against the window-frame, and the tears fell thick and fast. She was so thankful she could cry, for the mad passion she had felt when her eyes were dry, frightened her. If that dreadful feel-

ing were to come on when Lady Cheverel was present, she should never be able to contain herself.

Then there was Sir Christopher—so good to her, so happy about Anthony's marriage ; and all the while she had these wicked feelings.

"O, I cannot help it, I cannot help it!" she said in a loud whisper between her sobs. "O God, have pity upon me!"

In this way Tina wore out the long hours of the windy moonlight, till at last, with weary aching limbs, she lay down in bed again, and slept from mere exhaustion.

While this poor little heart was being bruised with a weight too heavy for it, Nature was holding on her calm inexorable way, in unmoved and terrible beauty. The stars were rushing in their eternal courses; the tides swelled to the level of the last expectant weed; the sun was making brilliant day to busy nations on the other side of the swift earth. The stream of human thought and deed was hurrying and broadening onward. The astronomer was at his telescope; the great ships were laboring over the waves; the toiling eagerness of commerce, the fierce spirit of revolution, were only ebbing in brief rest; and sleepless statesmen were dreading the possible crisis of the morrow. What were our little Tina and her trouble in this mighty torrent, rushing from one awful unknown to another? Lighter than the smallest centre of quivering life in the water-drop, hidden and uncared for as the pulse of anguish in the breast of the tiniest bird that has fluttered down to its nest with the long-sought food, and has found the nest torn and empty.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning, when Caterina was waked from her heavy sleep by Martha bringing in the warm water, the sun was shining, the wind had abated, and those hours of suffering in the night seemed unreal and dreamlike, in spite of weary limbs and aching eyes. She got up and began to dress with a strange feeling of insensibility, as if nothing could make her cry again; and she even felt a sort of longing to be down stairs in the midst of company, that she might get rid of this benumbed condition by contact.

There are few of us that are not rather

ashamed of our sins and follies as we look out on the blessed morning sunlight, which comes to us like a bright-winged angel beckoning us to quit the old path of vanity that stretches its dreary length behind us; and Tina, little as she knew about doctrines and theories, seemed to herself to have been both foolish and wicked yesterday. To-day she would try to be good; and when she knelt down to say her short prayer—the very form she had learned by heart when she was ten years old—she added, "O God, help me to bear it!"

That day the prayer seemed to be answered, for, after some remarks on her pale looks at breakfast, Caterina passed the morning quietly, Miss Assher and Captain Wybrow being out on a riding excursion. In the evening there was a dinner-party, and after Caterina had sung a little, Lady Cheverel, remembering that she was ailing, sent her to bed, where she soon sank into a deep sleep. Body and mind must renew their force to suffer as well as to enjoy.

On the morrow, however, it was rainy, and every one must stay in-doors; so it was resolved that the guests should be taken over the house by Sir Christopher, to hear the story of the architectural alterations, the family portraits, and the family relics. All the party, except Mr. Gilfil, were in the drawing-room when the proposition was made; and when Miss Assher rose to go, she looked towards Captain Wybrow, expecting to see him rise too; but he kept his seat near the fire, turning his eyes towards the newspaper which he had been holding unread in his hand.

"Are you not coming, Anthony?" said Lady Cheverel, noticing Miss Assher's look of expectation.

"I think not, if you'll excuse me," he answered, rising and opening the door; "I feel a little chilled this morning, and I am afraid of the cold rooms and draughts."

Miss Assher reddened, but said nothing, and passed on, Lady Cheverel accompanying her.

Caterina was seated at work in the oriel window. It was the first time she and Anthony had been alone together, and she had thought before that he wished to avoid her. But now, surely, he wanted to speak to her—he wanted to say something kind. Presently he rose from his seat near the fire, and

placed himself on the ottoman opposite to her.

"Well, Tina, and how have you been all this long time?"

Both the tone and the words were an offence to her; the tone was so different from the old one, the words were so cold and unmeaning. She answered, with a little bitterness:

"I think you needn't ask. It doesn't make much difference to you."

"Is that the kindest thing you have to say to me after my long absence?"

"I don't know why you should expect me to say kind things."

Captain Wybrow was silent. He wished very much to avoid allusions to the past or comments on the present. And yet he wished to be well with Caterina. He would have liked to caress her, make her presents, and have her think him very kind to her. But these women are so plaguy perverse! There's no bringing them to look rationally at any thing. At last he said: "I hoped you would think all the better of me, Tina, for doing as I have done, instead of bearing malice towards me. I hoped you would see that it is the best thing for every one—the best for your happiness, too."

"O, pray don't make love to Miss Assher

for the sake of my happiness," answered Tina.

At this moment the door opened, and Miss Assher entered, to fetch her reticule, which lay on the harpsichord. She gave a keen glance at Caterina, whose face was flushed, and saying to Captain Wybrow with a slight sneer, "Since you are so chill, I wonder you like to sit in the window," left the room again immediately.

The lover did not appear much discomposed, but sat quiet a little longer, and then, seating himself on the music-stool, drew it near to Caterina, and, taking her hand, said: "Come, Tina, look kindly at me, and let us be friends. I shall always be your friend."

"Thank you," said Caterina, drawing away her hand. "You are very generous. But pray move away. Miss Assher may come in again."

"Miss Assher be hanged!" said Anthony, feeling the fascination of old habit returning on him in this proximity to Caterina. He put his arm round her waist, and leaned his cheek down to hers. The lips couldn't help meeting after that; but the next moment, with heart swelling and tears rising, Caterina burst away from him, and rushed out of the room.

WILLIAM COLLINS.—William Collins, the poet and the friend of Thomson, removed from Richmond, on the death of the latter, to Chichester, where he died and was buried. Has there been any memorial erected to him? or is even the very spot where he was interred accurately known? I fear not. Mr. John Scott made a pilgrimage to Chichester to find out his last resting-place, but did not succeed in discovering it. Notwithstanding, I am induced, late as it may be, if still the spot remains unmarked, to hope some reader of "N. & Q.," and a lover of genuine poetry, acquainted with the locality, will endeavor to ascertain where his mortal remains were deposited; and to urge him on to this praiseworthy task, may I be permitted simply to repeat two stanzas of his beautiful composition?—one from his "Ode on the Death of Thomson," the other from the Dirge in "Cymbeline," and both of which one cannot read over and over again without increased admiration:

"Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore  
Where Thames in summer wreaths is drest,

And oft suspend the dashing oar,  
To bid his gentle spirit rest."

"Each lovely scene shall thee restore,  
For thee the tear be duly shed;  
Beloved, till life can charm no more;  
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead."

[William Collins expired in the house of his sister, Mrs. Sempill, at Chichester, and was buried in St. Andrew's Church, in the East Street. In Chichester Cathedral is a neat tablet, executed by Flaxman, and erected by public subscription, to the memory of this unfortunate poet. He is represented as just recovered from a fit of phrenzy, to which he was subject, and in a calm and reclining posture seeking refuge from his misfortunes in the consolations of the Gospel, while his lyre, and one of his first poems, lie neglected on the ground. Above are the figures of Love and Pity, entwined in each other's arms. Underneath are some lines, the joint composition of William Hayley and John Sargent, Esqs. See *Beauties of England and Wales*, and Hay's *History of Chichester*, p. 529.]—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *Tableau de la Population de l'Empire Français par Départements.* Année 1856.

2. *Les Consommations de Paris.* Par Armand Husson. Paris: 1856.

WHATEVER be the interest attached to the political institutions of the French Empire, their present condition baffles curiosity, and their future fate defies speculation. It is not our intention in these pages either to criticise the internal acts of a Government which shuns publicity, or to express any confidence in the permanence of a system which combines the inherent weakness of despotic government with a formidable array of actual power. But if it be difficult to trace the probable course of the destinies of that great nation by the ordinary landmarks of political science, we are driven to have recourse to those general principles which seldom fail, in the long run, to find their correct application. Public opinion may be mute, the voice of opposition may be hushed, the action of the Executive power absolute and unrestrained in all its branches; but there are other indications of the state of the country which cannot be stifled or concealed—the movement of the population, the state of credit, the rate of wages, the supply and price of food for the people, are social facts from which the soundest political inferences may be drawn; and it is from these facts alone that we venture to form or to suggest any positive opinions on the future prospects of France.

Of these facts by far the most remarkable, the most certain, and the least expected are those which have recently been disclosed by the publication of the quinquennial census of the French Empire. The "Moniteur" published the official returns which we have placed at the head of this article on the last day of 1856; but as the public discussion of so unwelcome a subject by the press was prohibited, it is only within the walls of the French Institute that the important questions connected with these returns have been duly appreciated. The results of this inquiry may be stated in a few lines. It appears from the census of 1856 as compared with the census of 1851, that the increase of the whole population of France in a period of five years has not exceeded 256,000 souls. The decline in the ordinary rate of increase has been progressive. From 1841 to 1846

the augmentation amounted to 1,200,000; from 1846 to 1851 the augmentation had fallen off to 380,000; from 1851 to 1856 it has dwindled to 256,000. Hence, it may be said that the population of France, taken collectively, has been almost stationary for the last ten years.

But to this remarkable fact another consideration of equal gravity must be added. The population, though stationary in numbers, has not remained stationary in its abodes. On the contrary, a vast internal migration has been going on during this period from the rural districts to the towns. Thus, the department of the Seine, in which Paris is situated, has gained no less than 300,000 souls in the space of five years, having risen from 1,422,065 souls in 1851, to 1,727,419 in 1856; or, in other words, the metropolis has gained in this short period 50,000 inhabitants more than the total increase of population in the rest of France. The same phenomenon may be observed in several of the most populous departments, which are the seats of trade or manufactures. Thus, in each of the seven following departments a marked increase is perceptible.

	1851.	1856.	Increase.
Bouches du Rhone (Marseilles)	423,989	473,365	44,376
Gard (Nîmes)	408,163	419,607	11,534
Gironde (Bordeaux)	614,887	649,757	26,370
Loire (St. Etienne)	472,688	505,290	32,602
Rhone (Lyons)	574,745	625,991	51,246
Nord (Lille)	1,158,285	1,212,353	54,068
Loire Inferieure (Nantes)	636,064	655,996	22,332

But, as this considerable augmentation has taken place in all the large towns of France, whilst the general population of the Empire has remained comparatively stationary, it is evident that the increased population of the towns is drawn thither from the rural districts, and that the increase of the former must have produced a corresponding decrease in the latter. Such is in truth the fact. In no less than 54 departments, or in about two-thirds of the territory of France, the census of 1856 demonstrates that a notable diminution has taken place since the census of 1851. Thus, in the following departments, which we take almost at hazard, we find these returns:

	1851.	1856.	Decrease.
Isere	603,497	576,637	27,860
Meuse	328,657	305,727	22,930
Meurthe	450,423	424,373	26,050
Bas Rhin	587,434	563,855	23,579
Ariege	267,435	251,318	16,117
Jura	313,361	296,701	16,660
Vosges	427,409	405,708	21,701
Cote d'Or	400,297	385,131	15,166
Haute-Saone	347,469	312,397	35,072



Some of these departments are important agricultural districts, but in the poorer and less populous regions the loss of men is even more severely felt, and in some parts the labors of husbandry are seriously impeded for want of hands, and by the consequent rise in agricultural wages. The same movement is going on from the villages and hamlets to the towns within the same department, though this change does not appear on the returns now before us. As a general fact, it may be stated from these returns, that the masses of the town population of France have in the last three years rapidly increased, whilst the more scattered rural population has no less signally diminished; and it may readily be conceived that this fact excites the utmost solicitude throughout the country, for it affects in no slight degree the best interests of the nation.

A local increase of population due to artificial causes, which we shall presently proceed to consider, and not to the common rate of natural increase, obviously tends to displace the adult male population to a far greater extent than any other class. It is not either women, or children, or old persons, but the working peasantry in the best years of life, who are thus drawn away to seek manual employment in the towns, in preference to the more contracted sphere of activity in which they were born. Hence the actual loss of adult male labor to the rural districts is far greater than the proportionate diminution of the whole population indicated by these figures.

This sudden, unprecedented, and we may almost say violent, result, can be traced to no natural cause at all. The French rural population is, or was, habitually stationary, and so little inclined to emigration or adventure, that nothing less than a very powerful stimulus could have overcome their well-known disposition. That stimulus has been applied by the present Government during the last five years in a thousand ways, some of them laudable, some of them foolish and extravagant; but whether the movement and the prosperity thus imparted to the community be real or fictitious, its effect on the distribution of the population is of equal importance.

There can be no doubt that the main cause of this displacement of the population is to be found in the enormous sums spent by the

State, and by the municipal bodies of the towns under the direction of the State, on public works, and on works, such as railroads, encouraged by the State, and in part executed at the public cost. In the metropolis, especially, where it appears that the increase in five years amounts to 300,000 souls, a very large portion of this additional population must be employed directly on the vast buildings projected and executed by the Government, or indirectly in providing for the wants of the numerous classes which are maintained by the State. To this it may be added that as the Government thought fit during a period of actual scarcity to compel the city of Paris to supply bread below its real value, the strongest possible motive was given to the poorer classes to take refuge in a city where food was artificially reduced in price, and consequently to increase the consumption of that article in which a deficiency was felt elsewhere.

Had the rural emigration to which we have adverted been the result of natural causes, operating to raise the price of labor by the increased production of wealth, it would have been a national benefit, even though the agricultural interests of the country might have been temporarily depressed by it.\* But we apprehend that the very reverse has been the case in France. This extraordinary agglomeration of the laboring classes in towns is the result, not of increased energy in the production of wealth, but of increased profusion in spending it. A considerable proportion of the works carried on at the public expense must be regarded, in spite of their magnificence, as unproductive; and although it is undoubtedly true that within the last three or four years enormous profits have been made, and large fortunes rapidly accumulated, yet these profits are for the most part the result of speculation; they do not denote any real augmentation of the national wealth, and they are spent almost as rapidly as they are made.

\* We observe that our respectable contemporary, the "Economist," in commenting on these facts (1st February, 1857) affects to be astonished at the assertion that the accumulation of the rural population in towns can be regarded as a diminution in the production of national wealth and a symptom of declining national prosperity. But there is no similarity between the causes which led to an analogous movement of the rural population in England and the causes which are producing that movement in France, as will be seen by the following considerations in the text.

It is roughly but we believe fairly computed, that within this period upwards of a milliard of francs, or forty millions sterling, has been made on the Bourse of Paris by the holders of the various stocks marketable there; or, in other words, that the present marketable value of these stocks is or has been augmented by that enormous amount during the present reign. This sum has been thrown for the most part into the hands of private persons, who, when they have been wise enough to realize the results of their good fortune, have found themselves positively enriched to very large amounts. Their habits, their expenditure, their tastes, have expanded in the same proportion; and as the first use made of this easily acquired wealth is to spend it with profusion, the stream poured through the coffers of the rich has given an amazing impulse to every branch of industry; and by increasing the demand for labor, it may serve, of itself, to account for a large increase of the metropolitan population of Paris. But as no real increase has taken place in the productive value of these investments of capital, the money thus acquired and spent is in fact a portion of the national capital, and not of the national savings.

What then, we may be asked, is the cause and the nature of this sudden and enormous rise in the value of property—which is by its nature of the most fluctuating and uncertain description? No doubt the restoration of order by the authority of a Government which was able and willing to rescue property from the theories of the socialists and the violence of mobs, had a considerable and a legitimate effect in raising the value of things which had been depressed during the short and evil days of the second Republic, and in restoring to France much of that prosperity which she enjoyed under the reign of Louis Philippe, until the very eve of the 24th February, 1848. But the Government did not rest here. It applied itself to the encouragement of colossal schemes for the increase, whether real or apparent, of value in all the marketable stocks on the Bourse. Thus, for example, the French railroads immediately became the objects of the most extraordinary favors. The railroad companies held them under certain leases conceded to them by the State for certain limited periods: the shorter the period was, the worse the bargain for the company

and the better eventually for the public. By a series of transactions and arrangements, which were commenced in 1852, between the principal companies and the Government, these concessions were extended in some instances from thirty to ninety-nine years,\* so that, by a draft on posterity, the actual holders of shares found themselves possessed of a property far more valuable than that they had originally agreed to take; and it is scarcely necessary to add that the persons by whose influence these arrangements were made were not slow to profit by them in their private capacity. So also facilities were given for the amalgamation of important lines, which had the effect of securing the companies from competition, and giving them a virtual monopoly. Again, the companies have been authorized by the Government to issue debentures at a fixed rate of interest, by which means a larger share of the profits has become divisible among the shareholders, and in some instances a portion of the cost of maintenance of the railway has been thrown on this floating debt, to increase the dividends. These expedients are not altogether new to us, or unknown in this country. They very nearly resemble the artifices by which the "Railway King" continued for a time to force up the value of railway property, to induce large numbers of credulous persons to imagine that they owed a fortune to Mr. Hudson's ability, and thus for a time to give an artificial stimulus by the apparent production of wealth. We fear that many of the operations which have been set on foot by some of the agents of the French Government are not more sound than Mr. Hudson's schemes; but they have become incalculably greater in extent, and have sensibly affected the property and population of the whole empire.

Loans have been tendered to public subscription, on terms which seemed to offer a certain and easy profit to the fortunate subscribers, and of course the lists were filled with avidity. Institutions like the *Credit Mobilier* were contrived to facilitate every

\* The original concessions of the lines of railroad by the State to the working companies under Louis Philippe's reign were for short periods: that of the Chemin du Nord for 36 years; that of Avignon and Marseilles, 33 years; that of Paris and Strasburg, 44 years; that of the Centre, 40 years; that of Tours to Nantes, 34; that of Orleans to Bordeaux, 28 years. All these terms have been enormously extended.

sort of speculation; the rate of discount was kept down by the intervention of the State; even the Bank of France was induced to buy gold in this country above its value, and to sell it in Paris below its value, and this continuously for many months, at a loss of upwards of a quarter of a million; for no sacrifice is thought too great to keep up an appearance of unbounded prosperity.

This state of things has been judiciously described by M. Husson in the work before us, as one of the causes which have tended to derange the relations existing in France between the population and the supply of food. He says:

"This confusion, which is kept up by the schemes of some men, and by the ignorance of others, drives to the Bourse multitudes of writers upon fortune. The purchase of investments on State securities, whether from realized property or from savings, is no longer, as it once was, the chief object of the transactions carried on in that temple of money. Time-bargains have superseded *bond fide* purchases, and since railroads and limited liability have set afloat innumerable enterprises, speculation has assumed incalculable proportions. Nor is this state of stock-jobbing confined to adventurers or gamblers; it has infected men engaged in liberal professions, and many an example might be quoted from men who ought to know better, but who have plunged into this tempestuous sea of rash calculations. Success does not always follow this pursuit of premiums and advances; but when good fortune attends such operations, it is not unnatural to spend with profusion what has been so easily gained, and the greater portion of these windfalls is commonly lavished on personal indulgences. The love of money, the natural inclination for material luxuries, and the impulses of vanity soon develop these seeds of extravagance and display. Who can wonder then at the complaints of high rents and expensive establishments which are now so common even in the more opulent classes? It is all attributed to circumstances, and the necessity of keeping up a social position, though the real cause is the love of indulgence; and amidst all this vulgar splendor many a man looks back with regret to the comparative simplicity and cheapness of former times."

No doubt these signs of increasing wealth are not altogether fictitious. A people as active, industrious, and ingenious as the French, blessed with great natural advantages, and stimulated by the rapid progress of civilization, cannot fail to augment its

resources. The system of railroads converging to one point, and affording to the whole country a cheap and rapid mode of access to the capital, materially tends to increase the powerful attraction which Paris has ever exercised over the territory of France. But the fact that the natural augmentation of the population has been almost entirely arrested in the last ten years, and that the growth of the great cities must be altogether subtracted from the rural community, is calculated to raise doubts of the reality of that wealth which glitters with so much lustre in the streets of Paris or the provincial capitals; and, as we shall presently see, this check can hardly fail to tell unfavorably on the permanent welfare and power of the community.

It is, however, certain that, with the exception of some departments which are suffering from exceptional causes of distress,—such as inundations or failure of crops,—the general aspect and condition of the French rural population shows a marked improvement in the last twenty years. Every new house is better built and better arranged than the old cottages. The blue linen blouse is not the only garment of the peasant winter and summer, but it is worn over good woollen clothing; the bread of the common people is whiter and purer, and the consumption of meat increases. Five-and-twenty years ago, in a small market-town of Normandy which we have sometimes visited, there lived but one butcher, who earned a precarious subsistence from the neighboring gentry; in the same town there are now nine persons living by the sale of meat. The same progress is even more striking in Touraine, Picardy, and the environs of Paris. But this progress in the well-being of the community has not led to any corresponding increase in the population. On the contrary, whether the doctrines of Mr. Malthus are followed or not in that country, some such check as he contemplated seems powerfully to operate against the rapidity of increase; and the more the advantages and luxuries of increasing wealth are felt and enjoyed, the less disposed are the French to meet the demands of numerous families.

The rate of increase of the population of France is known to have been extremely slow ever since an accurate account has been taken of it. It is, indeed, curious that Godwin was led to suppose, in his "Essay on

Population," that the human species is more prolific in France than in any other country; and Buffon stated, that in Paris each marriage produced in his time four children upon an average, and that in the rural parts five at least, and often six, was a very common proportion. These facts were either entirely inaccurate, or are now at least singularly changed. It is certain that in the thirty-seven years which elapsed from 1817 to 1852, the mean annual increase of the population of France was only 155,929; but from 1846 to 1851 this increase had fallen to 76,000 per annum; and from 1851 to 1856 to 51,200. The progress of the population in France has at all times been a problem not easily explained; for although, as Mr. Malthus observed more than half a century ago, the number of small farmers and proprietors in that country had always a most powerful tendency to encourage population, yet the actual increase is remarkably slow. Mr. Laing, who is an energetic partisan of the subdivision of land, takes a precisely opposite view of its effects. He maintains that a division of property by a law of succession different in principle to the feudal, is the true check upon over-population; and that in raising the civilization, habits, mode of living, and prudence of the lower classes of the community by a wider diffusion of property among them, we inoculate the whole mass of society with the restraints that property carries with it.\* But if prudential considerations are the real cause of the check to population in France, they are rendered more acute and powerful at the present time not by any positive diminution of property, but by a relative increase in the wants of society.

Before the beginning of the revolutionary war, the whole population of the country was estimated by the National Assembly at twenty-six millions; so that in more than sixty years the total increase has been under fifty per cent. In 1806 it may be taken at twenty-nine millions; in 1820, at thirty millions;—this slender increase of one million in fourteen years being accounted for by the frightful consumption of human life in the last ten years of the war. The progress in the next twenty years was more rapid, for it had risen in 1841 to thirty-four millions and a quarter; but from that time

\* Laing's Notes of a Traveller, chap. x.

to the present the augmentation has been almost insensible. Yet during a portion of this period France has continued to make considerable progress in every branch of industry; her agriculture is improved; and she has not been engaged in any of those wars which consumed, from 1740 to 1815, so large a share of her male population. The check disclosed by the last census is still more unlooked for, and it can only be explained by causes distinct from those which are commonly supposed by the economists to govern the multiplication of the human species.

In addition to these general considerations, the remarkable fact is pointed out by M. Husson, that the proportion of births to the number of marriages, and likewise to the population, tends to decrease in Paris. Thus, from 1817 to 1831, there was in Paris one birth to 26.87 inhabitants; but from 1846 to 1851 only one birth to 31.98 inhabitants. He adds:

"It appears from these returns that whilst the number of marriages increases, that of births seems to decline, which attests a decrease in the fecundity of legitimate unions, and discloses an evident anxiety on the part of fathers of families as to the means of subsistence and of providing for their offspring. The cause must doubtless be traced to the laws which regulate the division of inheritances, whose certain effect is to divide property more and more."—(Husson, p. 18.)

It is, therefore, altogether to immigration from other parts of France, and not to natural increase, that the recent increase of population in the Department of the Seine must be attributed. Including all births, whether legitimate or illegitimate (the latter being to the former in the proportion of rather more than one-third), the population of the capital is stationary, as far as it is affected by natural causes. Nay, in the period which elapsed from 1846 to 1851, owing to the storms of the Revolution and the ravages of the cholera, there was a decrease in the native population of Paris of 2,724 by the excess of deaths over births, and of 5,328 by emigration.\* The change indi-

\* It is a curious exemplification of the effects of revolutions on society, that the deaths which occurred in France during the turbulent year 1849 were 982,008, or about 150,000 more than they had been in any year since the great cholera year of 1832. In 1849 the births in all France only ex-



cated by the last census is, therefore, as sudden as it is enormous; and so little was it foreseen, that M. Husson, writing last year before the completion of the census, says: "It is probable the census of 1856 will *not* show a fresh augmentation."

Having thus far considered these remarkable facts as they are presented to us in the official returns, and some of the causes to which they may be attributed, let us now observe their social consequences. The movement which is thus going on has the twofold effect of diminishing all that tends to the production of agricultural wealth, or, in other words, of food, in the country; and at the same time (if results so contradictory can be said to exist together), of increasing the powers of consumption in the towns and of stimulating the demand. On the one hand, there is a diminution of agricultural labor by the large draughts of men, in the most active years of life, who are attracted to the towns by high wages; on the other hand, there is a diminution of the capital employed in agriculture at the very time when it is most required to develop the resources of the country, or to supply by machinery the scarcity of hands, because powerful temptations have been held out to the peasantry to engage in speculations, to lend their capital to the State, and to divert their savings from the most natural and secure mode of investment. So strongly has capital been diverted from investments in land, that although personal property of certain kinds has risen enormously in value during the present reign, land has not yet recovered the value it had in France before the Revolution of 1848; and this in spite of the well-known passion of the French peasantry to acquire it. Again, this diversion of capital to speculative objects has contributed to diminish the facilities of obtaining money on mortgage, or of borrowing capital for agricultural improvements, except at a very high rate of interest. Nor will this appear astonishing when it is remembered that France has had to raise in the last three years, by extraordinary loans and advances, about eighty millions sterling for war expenses, and about sixty-six millions sterling for the execution of railways now in progress. The

ceeded the deaths by 13,458, being less than one-tenth of the difference between births and deaths in ordinary years.

truth is, that the vast apparent wealth of France under Louis Napoleon means that she has spent her money with extraordinary profusion—not that she has augmented her savings, or improved her capital.

Hence, by an inevitable result, there is a diminution in the supply of agricultural produce and a rise in the price of provisions which is astonishing in its amount, though not astonishing when its true causes are brought to light. Those causes, we agree with M. Husson, do not lie, as is commonly supposed in France, in the influx of Californian or Australian gold. Had the supplies of the country kept pace with the demand—as they might easily have done with a more efficient cultivation of the soil, or by opening the ports to foreign trade—prices might not have risen; but just as men found they had more money, or the semblance of money, to spend on their physical wants, the means of supplying those wants diminished in the home market, and owing to the prohibitive system which still disgraces the French Tariff, the foreign market is not open to the nation. Several accidental circumstances contributed to aggravate these evils. The harvests of 1855 and 1856 were, in the greater part of France, below the average: they were badly got in, and the want of hands was most severely felt at the critical moment which was to secure the provision of the year. The stores sent to support large bodies of troops employed abroad, but fed in great part from home, were not inconsiderable, and contributed to affect the markets. The failure of the vine for several successive years is a still more serious privation; for whilst it deprives the wine-grower of his income, it deprives the consumer of one of the most essential necessities of life; the common liquor sold in the wine-shops of Paris has risen from 60 or 80 to 90 and 100 centimes a litre: the average wholesale price from 35 francs a hectolitre to 57 francs. In the rural districts the difference is far greater, and wine has almost ceased to be the beverage of the people. Brandy is become even more scarce, and for the first time in history large quantities of corn spirit are exported to France from this country for use or re-exportation, after having paid the British excise duty.

The French Government, aware of the perils attending this state of things, and

alarmed by the effects of high prices and scarcity on the vast masses of consumers, whom they have inconsiderately encouraged to flock to the towns, resort to artificial means of singular absurdity and extravagance, which serve in reality only to increase the evil. Instead of allowing the scarcity to produce its own natural results, by limiting consumption, they stimulate consumption by a forced reduction of prices. The bakers of Paris were placed under the stricter control of the administration, and compelled to sell flour and bread for less than they were worth, the difference being made up by an allowance from the Ville de Paris, which has thus run several millions into debt. It may here be observed, for the information of those who profess a servile admiration of the imperial institutions, that the governing body of the city of Paris, which acts in the name of that great civic community, is in reality no corporation at all, but a mere government board appointed to manage the affairs of the city; having, therefore, no rights and no will of its own, but being a mere instrument of the State in the guise of municipal authority. Hence, the Ville de Paris had no choice but to lend itself to these absurdities, and the result is that the government has now some difficulty in finding men who will consent to fill the degraded offices of the civic magistracy.

The price of butcher's meat has also been regulated by authority, though in the same manner, and the effect of these restrictions on the sale of meat is amusing. The different parts of the animals slaughtered at the *abattoirs* are classed in *categories*, the price of each category being fixed by the police. It, therefore, becomes the interest of the butcher to pass off the meat of inferior animals as the best that can be procured, and the consequence is a general decline in the quality of the meat brought to market; it no longer pays to kill the finest animals, or to fatten them at a great expense, and consequently cow-beef and lean mutton now exercise the ingenuity of the French *cuisine*.

Another cause of distress and expense is the great rise in the price of lodgings and rents throughout Paris. It may readily be conceived that if 300,000 persons have been added to the population of the Department of the Seine in the last five years, the difficulty of lodging them is not small. But at the

very same time the vast improvements executed in Paris by the Imperial Government have demolished many thousands of the habitations of the poorer classes, and driven them from the centre of the capital to the suburbs. Even there houses are not to be found for these multitudes; and we are assured, on good authority, that during the last winter rents have been paid to the owners of land near the *barrières* for permission to *encamp* without the walls, and thus strange settlements of these Bedouins of civilization have been formed round the most polished and splendid city in Europe.

Although the pressure arising from these causes has been most intense in Paris, and the large towns, it is powerfully felt throughout the country. The drain on provisions and the attraction of the towns has affected the very source of these commodities; they have become scarce and dear, where they had been habitually most abundant and cheap; and probably the unprecedented rise in prices in the rural districts has increased the evil by inducing greater numbers of emigrants to attempt to better their condition in the towns. High prices produced from causes of this nature are of no real advantage, even to the agricultural classes of the nation, for ere long they are themselves affected by the same tide; and whilst measures are taken to lighten, by artificial means, the immediate burden on the town population, the same influence which attracts larger supplies to the towns subtracts them from the country. Hence, in this scramble, the peasant is exposed to be sacrificed, or at least to be squeezed, in order to provide against the more formidable exactions of the *owner*; and the current which has set in from the rural departments to the towns affords an unanswerable proof that an impression exists among the peasantry in favor of the superior condition and advantages of the townspeople. Statements like that which M. Husson (himself an officer of the Prefecture of the Seine) has just published, are not calculated to diminish this impression. On the contrary, the picture he draws of the favors lavished by absolute power on the inhabitants of the capital would fill with amazement a peasant of the Limousin, of Brittany, or even of Burgundy, inured to the hardships of a different lot, but looking to the Government as the power by which that lot is to be improved.

This contrast, which is forced by the state of the country on the least observant as well as on the most intelligent classes, suggests the last and most instructive lesson we shall draw from these returns. The peasantry of France, in spite of their prejudices and imperfections, are regarded by those who know them well as the most healthy, vigorous, and unspoiled portion of the nation. The Revolution which gave them their independence, which secured to them their property, and which has ended by a signal manifestation of their political power, has not yet depraved their character or corrupted their manners. In fact, although they owe to the Revolution of 1789 the improvement in their condition and many of their present advantages, the removal of their grievances and the satisfaction of their desires has now rendered them the least revolutionary class in the French community. Their passions are more conservative than obstructive, and it is not uncommon to detect amongst them the very same prejudices and the same ignorance which characterized, and perhaps still characterize, the High Tory country gentleman in England. They often display a pride not unbecoming the free possessors of the soil, marred in some degree by an overweening sense of their own importance, and by contempt for those classes of the nobility and the *bourgeoisie*, whose privileges have successively crumbled into the dust. Keen to excess in their dealings, they have not lost that self-respect which manifests itself by honesty and good faith. Throughout the land, from Alsatia to Finistère, and from Picardy to the Pyrenees, the likeness that pervades these men is so strong, that in any given emergency the presumption is they will feel, think, and act alike; for with them no rival influences of personal ambition arise to divide or arrest the current of their common interest and their common instinct. Hence the wonderful unanimity with which they gave their undivided support to Louis Napoleon in each of his successive appeals by universal suffrage to that vast electoral body; and hence their universal conviction that, whatever may be the merits or the faults of their present ruler, he is at least a ruler of their own making.

The changes which have taken place in France since 1789 had thrown into the hands of the peasantry a large proportion of

the land of the country. As every owner of land, whether of a large or of a small estate, has an equal vote, the peasantry hold an overwhelming majority in the franchise. The constitutional monarchy had unwisely debarred this large class of the landholders of France from political power; but by that principle of society which seems to be one of the most deep-seated and irresistible conditions of political existence, no sooner were the existing institutions of the country overthrown, than the supreme power in the State reverted as it were to its source, in the owners of the soil. There, and there alone, the government of the second Empire has a basis; that is the main, if not the sole, condition of the present tranquil submission of France to a form of sovereignty which has annihilated every semblance of freedom; and the only claim to originality we can discover in the fabric raised by the Emperor Napoleon III., is his discovery that a government may be founded and maintained, for a considerable period of time, by the sole support of the landed peasantry, in spite of the disaffection of the towns, the aversion of the upper ranks, and the ridicule and vituperation of the educated classes. The peasantry were roused by the exercise of universal suffrage to the consciousness of political power; but it would be a complete error to suppose that a wide diffusion of the franchise amongst that class of society tends to free government and liberal principles. In France the result has been just the reverse. Unable to exercise that power by any direct machinery of their own, they delegated it absolutely, and in the most simple form, to one man; and they view without repugnance the uses which may be made of that power against liberties and rights to which they are strangers, provided their own independence and ascendancy be respected, and their own prejudices and passions flattered, by the Head of the State.

If these views of the present political condition of France are correct, it is evident that the movement of the population disclosed by the returns of the last census is precisely that which is most injurious to the interests and future stability of the Imperial Government, and, indeed, of society itself.

The class of the population, in which the main strength of the Government lies, appears to be decreasing; the class of the pop-

ulation most adverse to its pretensions, most impatient of authority, most difficult to govern in an hour of excitement, is constantly augmented. Every man who quits his native village by the high road to Paris, leaves behind him the better half of his nature, and, above all, those qualities which make him a good subject. He is absorbed into, and identified with, that stormy sea of the great capital, where political agitation, once roused, soon rises to the tempest of revolution. He exchanges the modest existence, the regular but certain employment, and the strict economy of rural life, for the more exciting, precarious, and costly life of town labor. He will never revert to the humble, persevering, and invaluable toil of his rural condition. Instead of living by the careful improvement of his own resources, he becomes a paid servant or workman of the State, chargeable in one form or another on the resources of the country. Should these fail, the chances are that he becomes a recruit in that disorderly army which has more than once triumphed over the regular forces of powerful governments, and at any rate he can no longer be relied on by the Government for support. In fact, if a crisis of real difficulty were to arise, as some day it must arise, the existence in the Department of the Seine of this vast redundant population, brought thither by the inconsiderate munificence of the State, and taught to expect that the State will provide for it all the means of subsistence, is the most formidable danger that can threaten a government.

On the numerical strength of the population of the Empire, and especially on that of the most important part of that population, this absorbing power of Paris and the great towns must continue to produce a mischievous effect. The ordinary rule of societies is held to be, that high wages and abundant food tend to promote marriage and to stimulate the increase of the population. "The liberal reward of labor," says Adam Smith, "as it is the effect of increasing wealth, so it is the cause of increasing population." But the example before us shows that these propositions must be taken with some reserve. The reward of labor is more liberal in great towns than in rural districts; but this circumstance may be combined with other causes unfavorable to the natural in-

crease of the race. Hence, in Paris the population may be said, on the comparison of births and deaths, to diminish or to remain stationary; and it can hardly be doubted that the reproductive power of the persons of either sex who are attracted to the capital, is diminished by the positions in which they are placed there. Thus, the same causes which have led to this rapid accumulation in the capital, also tend indirectly to the decline of the population in the rural departments.\*

Again, the doctrine of the soundest writers on the theory of population has established the law which connects the increase of the human race with the supply of food; and the tendency of population to outrun the supply of food is one of the chief dangers of society and the chief causes of distress. But as over-consumption may arise from numbers, so also it may arise from wealth, or from the prodigal expenditure of capital. It may happen, and we are disposed to think that in France it has happened, that by a sudden development of the resources of large classes in the community, these classes are enabled to eat and drink more food, to purchase food of a better quality, and generally to increase their consumption of the necessaries of life. But unless the supply of these commodities be actually augmented in the same ratio, it follows that the increased consumption by these prosperous classes is inseparably connected with a diminished consumption by the poor,—what is a luxury to the former begets scarcity to the latter,—and the burden falls with increased weight on those who are least able to bear it. We have shown that in France the supply and the power of producing food is by no means on the increase. On the contrary, it is diminishing by the withdrawal of labor and capital from agricultural pursuits. But the more the supply declines, the more are men driven to seek to improve their conditions by other employ-

\* We may here observe that the increase of population in England and Wales, in the five years and a half which have elapsed since the British Census of 1851, is believed by the Registrar-General to be 1,157,000, that of the population of France being in about the same time 256,000. But the population of France is, in round numbers, double that of England and Wales; and as the increase of population in the latter country is *absolutely* four times and a half greater than the increase in the former country, it follows that *relatively* the increase of population in this period in England and Wales is *nine times* greater than it is in France.



ments, and hence the luxury and expenditure which gives so much splendor and activity to the towns, is the very cause which produces many of the symptoms of scarcity and a reduced population in the country.

It is scarcely necessary to follow to its more remote consequences the effects of a state of things so contrary to the ordinary operation of natural causes, and so injurious to many of the chief interests of the community. But we cannot forbear noting the probable consequences of a decline of population in the rural districts, as they affect the State in the two great departments of taxation and of military service.

The taxes levied in the towns of France, whether for municipal or for national purposes, may generally be regarded as taxes on consumption; the taxes levied in the rural districts are taxes on production. It is pretty generally admitted, that although the increasing luxury, expenditure, and capital of the towns may, in some degree, augment the former source of revenue, it is extremely difficult to add a centime to the burdens borne by the latter. Hence, the insurmountable difficulty of making any real addition to the public revenue of the Empire, even during the emergency of the war; and hence the necessity of providing for the whole extraordinary expenses of the war by loans, offered on conditions so favorable to the lender and so disadvantageous to the borrower, as to attract from all classes of the population the floating capital of the country. The possession of a paramount political power by the very class which is most impatient of taxation, and least able to pay additional taxes, is an effectual check on the power of the State to augment the legitimate revenue of the Empire; it is, therefore, by the artificial resource of credit that the extraordinary expenditure of the present reign is chiefly supplied.

But this consideration applies with far greater force to the military conscription—a tax on the able-bodied male population itself, borne to a much greater extent by the peasantry who are drawn for service in the Imperial armies than by the townsmen, who find a ground of exemption in their diminutive stature or their enfeebled constitutions. A great military Power like France owes a large portion of her political importance to her power of levying troops; and it is im-

possible to deny that a diminution of the population in fifty-four rural departments betokens a diminution in the elements of her military strength. Moreover, in proportion as the want of hands is felt in agricultural labor, the military conscription becomes more burdensome to the peasantry. For forty years of peace the annual levy of 80,000 men had gone on with regularity, and the country was satisfied to pay that quota to its military duties; but when, on the outbreak of war, the outstanding contingents of the preceding years were called out, and the levies doubled for the war establishment, the pressure of the conscription began to be severely felt, and we have very little doubt that the inadequacy of the population to supply by agricultural labor the present wants of the country was one of the social causes which rendered the war unpopular in France, and compelled the Emperor to accelerate its termination. The impatience of the army to return to France was so notorious that it was not thought prudent even to reserve in the East a garrison of occupation until the fulfilment of the Treaty of Peace; and the eagerness of the soldiers to obtain their discharge on their return was not less remarkable. We have no doubt that the French will ever retain their martial spirit and indomitable gallantry if they should be called upon to defend their territory, or to uphold the honor of their flag; but the period of their social history, which rendered them eager combatants and ambitious assailants, is past, and no people are less disposed than the French of the present day to plunge into war, or less able to meet the protracted drain of a European struggle on their population and on their finances. The same remark applies with even greater force to their system for manning the navy. The Government has the power, by means of the maritime conscription, of throwing on board its ships of war the whole nautical population, and this power during the late war was freely used. The effort was successful for a war of short duration, during which the Allied Powers held undisputed possession of the seas; but the pressure on the population of the maritime departments and the coasts and rivers became intolerably severe; the unpopularity of the service is excessive; and if this strain had continued until the existing race of sea-

men had been used up or exhausted, it is difficult to foresee how any fresh supply of men would have been obtained for the fleet.

We do not hesitate, therefore, to express our conviction that one of the first consequences of the check which the French population has sustained, is to abate the military vehemence of France, and to extinguish the aggressive designs she has at other times entertained against Europe. Napoleon III., more wise in this respect than Napoleon I., has discovered that the nation, in choosing him for its master, meant to choose a pacific ruler; and the celebrated expression, "*L'Empire c'est la paix*," was even more true of the social disposition of the nation than of the political intentions of the new Sovereign. In this, as in many other respects, the actual state of the population throws considerable light on the true interests and condition of the people, and it may afford some guide to the uncertain destinies of its future government.

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#### THE DEPOPULATION OF FRANCE.

The massacres of the first revolution, and the wars of Napoleon, may sufficiently account for the diminution of the French population up to a recent date, but a new cause is now in operation, tending powerfully to the same result. The old frugality of the French has been banished by the present regime, and luxury and extravagance are now the prevailing habits. Saving and hoarding are at an end, and people live up to their means, if not beyond their means. In Paris the immense increase of handsome equipages must strike every eye, and the other signs of enlarged expenditure are abundant. Women, who play so prominent and important a part in the affairs of France, have of course taken the lead in this new fashion of extravagance, and many of them do not think it unreasonable to devote a third of their husbands' income to their own toilettes. And this is not confined to Paris, it runs through the whole country, and every provincial town is a Paris in miniature in the features of a new luxury and extravagance. And the freer indulgence in every sort of enjoyment is concurrent with an universal augmented cost of living. A French authority, who has written on the subject of the high house-rents of Paris, at-

tributes that enhancement not to the demolition of old buildings, but to the new habits of expense which have sprung up within the last few years. And if this be the fact in Paris, it will also account for the advance of prices throughout the provinces. The subdivision of property, whatever may be its merits in other respects, lends its aid to the general propensity to extravagance. A young man, a younger brother, gets his little share of property, and launches at once into the pleasure it may place within his reach. He goes up to Paris with a few hundred or thousand francs, and spends his capital as if it were income. He is asked after by some one who has met him in better days, and the stereotyped answer is, He has disappeared. There are *oubliettes* in society for these prodigals. Some find their way to Africa, where they carry muskets; some to the jail; some to the bottom of the Seine. None recover by industry the footing lost by extravagance. Families do not generally run the road to ruin so fast. They follow the fashion of expense by living fully up to their incomes, and the husband endeavors to extend the means of enjoyment by a little gambling, under the commercial name of speculation. One prudence only is observable, and that is in avoiding the charges incidental to a number of children. The saying so common in England, "where Heaven sends mouths it sends meat," is unknown in France, and the number of mouths to be fed is adjusted strictly to the means of feeding them. A husband and wife have one or two children, or none at all, as the *Times* observes, according to their ideas of what they can afford. Of course, then, in proportion to the enlarged expenditure for objects of luxury and show is the circumscribed space for the nursery. The stables cut into it, the coach-house cuts into it, above all, Madame's toilette. Where you would see with English habits half-a-dozen healthy boys and girls walking with their parents, you see instead, in the Bois de Boulogne, a fine lady in a handsome open carriage. The horses, the coachman, the footman, are in lieu of the children. Everything cannot be afforded. A choice must be made, and see what it is. The preferred issue of the French couple are their own favorite pleasures, dress, equipages, good living, gambling. Children would narrow the means for these enjoyments, or leave for them

no means whatever; therefore children are not born to curtail their parents' pleasures. And the want of them is not felt where all is given to the gratification of vanity and the senses. The drawing-room, the dining-room, the promenade, and the theatre fill every moment and satisfy every wish; or it is only when these things stale and pall that a desire arises for the new plaything of a boy or a girl. Of course there are exceptions to these habits, and here and there will be found families with domestic enjoyments, but the number of them has been much diminished by the order or disorder of extravagance so countenanced and encouraged by the present dynasty. The evil is not confined to the wealthy classes, it descends through all classes with the modification of circumstances.

The shopkeeper and his wife, the artisan and his wife, are all for the vanities and enjoyments within their reach, as much as the millionaire and his wife. The occupation for the thoughts which politics once provided being gone, the general pursuit now is pleasure, and the means of obtaining it by hook or by crook, generally on the miry field of the bourse. In such a state of things there must be a tendency to every sort of degeneracy, moral and physical, and we may expect to see the French nation, under the sway of its present intensely selfish vices, dwindling more than under the guillotine of the Terrorists, or the desolating wars of the First Napoleon. Her declining population is the reproachful record against her.

**DEATH OF CLARENCE.**—The curious account of the death of this prince is again discussed in "N. & Q.," and notwithstanding the lapse of centuries, the affair remains in doubt and uncertainty, and is, as justly stated by Mr. Gairdner, received with considerable scepticism. It seems to be a tradition adopted, like many others, without reflection or any attention to detail.

To drown the prince in a butt of malmsey wine implies necessarily that wine was kept in open butts, or that one was made for the occasion. In wine countries wine is sometimes placed in open butts for certain purposes, but for so doing there was no necessity in England.

But why malmsey? any other wine, or even water, would have served the purpose. The general inference would be that malmsey wine was kept in open butts, and that the prince was thrown into one of them. Again, it must be observed that butts or pipes are not of dimensions sufficiently large for the purpose intended, being seldom larger in England (not being a wine country) than four feet in length.

It cannot be supposed that the prince was put into a pipe or butt of wine already full; for this, one head must necessarily have been removed, and this could not have been done, the wine remaining; was he then, quietly submitting, put into the cask, into which, being closed up, the wine for drowning him was to be poured at the bung-hole?

Let the matter be considered in detail, with all concomitant circumstances, and it may fairly be doubted whether the occurrence so often related ever took place, and whether the expression may not have some other meaning now lost to us, or whether it may not be altogether figurative.

It is true that Shakspeare makes the First

Murderer propose to break the prince's head, and then throw him into the "malmsey butt" in the next room—not the butt of malmsey wine—and at last, when stabbing him, he says, "If that will not serve, I'll drown you in the malmsey butt within;" the drowning being in both cases not the primary, but the conditional, course. Finally, "I'll go hide the body in some hole till the Duke gives order for his burial;" and then exit *with the body*. It is not from Shakspeare, then, that we learn the prince was drowned in a butt of malmsey wine.

The temperate and interesting suggestions of Mr. Gairdner have induced me to offer these remarks; but as to the prince being put into a butt "of" or "for" malmsey, and then committed to the deep, it must be observed that a butt of wine, even without a human body, if thrown into the sea, will not readily sink, and consequently, it being intended to keep secret the death of the prince, this mode of proceeding would have been altogether fruitless.—*Notes and Queries*.

**PROPORTION OF MALES AND FEMALES.**—Much misconception appears to exist on this subject. The truth is, that of *births*, the males exceed females in the ratio of about 26 to 25, or 4 per cent.; but from the greater ease in rearing female children, and their greater longevity at the period of adolescence, these proportions are reversed, and there are about 21 females to 20 males, or 5 per cent. excess. Thus, in England and Wales there are 500,000 females more than males in the census of population. I have gathered these facts from the information of skilful physicians, and from statistical tables, and they may be depended on.—*Notes and Queries*.

## CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.—THE MYRTLE ROOM.

A BROAD, square window, with small panes and dark sashes; dreary yellow light, glimmering through the dirt of half a century, crusted on the glass; purer rays striking across the dimness through the fissures of three broken panes; dust floating upward, pouring downward, rolling smoothly round and round in the still atmosphere; lofty, bare, faded red walls; chairs in confusion, tables placed awry; a tall black bookcase, with an open door half dropping from its hinges; a pedestal, with a broken bust lying in fragments at its feet; a ceiling darkened by stains, a floor whitened by dust;—such was the aspect of the Myrtle Room, when Rosamond first entered it, leading her husband by the hand.

After passing the doorway, she slowly advanced a few steps, and then stopped, waiting with every sense on the watch, with every faculty strung up to the highest pitch of expectation—waiting in the ominous stillness, in the forlorn solitude, for the vague Something which the room might contain, which might rise visibly before her, which might sound audibly behind her, which might touch her on a sudden from above, from below, from either side. A minute, or more, she breathlessly waited; and nothing appeared, nothing sounded, nothing touched her. The silence and the solitude had their secret to keep, and kept it.

She looked round at her husband. His face, so quiet and composed at other times, expressed doubt and uneasiness now. His disengaged hand was outstretched, and moving backwards and forwards and up and down, in the vain attempt to touch something which might enable him to guess at the position in which he was placed. His look and action, as he stood in that new and strange sphere, the mute appeal that he made so sadly and so unconsciously to his wife's loving help, restored Rosamond's self-possession by recalling her heart to the dearest of all its interests, to the holiest of all its cares. Her eyes, fixed so distrustfully, but the moment before, on the dreary spectacle of neglect and ruin which spread around them, turned fondly to her husband's face, radiant with the unfathomable brightness of pity and love. She bent quickly across him, caught his outstretched arm, and pressed it to his side.

"Don't do that, darling," she said, gently; "I don't like to see it. It looks as if you had forgotten that I was with you—as if you were left alone and helpless. What need have you of your sense of touch, when you have got me? Did you hear me open the door, Lenny? Do you know that we are in the Myrtle Room?"

"What did you see, Rosamond, when you opened the door? What do you see now?" He asked those questions rapidly and eagerly, in a whisper.

"Nothing but dust and dirt and desolation. The loneliest moor in Cornwall is not so lonely-looking as this room; but there is nothing to alarm us, nothing (except one's own fancy) that suggests an idea of danger of any kind."

"What made you so long before you spoke to me, Rosamond?"

"I was frightened, love, on first entering the room—not at what I saw, but at my own fanciful ideas of what I might see. I was child enough to be afraid of something starting out of the walls, or of something rising through the floor; in short, of I hardly know what. I have got over those fears, Lenny, but a certain distrust of the room still clings to me. Do you feel it?"

"I feel something like it," he replied uneasily. "I feel as if the night that is always before my eyes was darker to me in this place than in any other. Where are we standing now?"

"Just inside the door."

"Does the floor look safe to walk on?" He tried it suspiciously with his foot as he put the question.

"Quite safe," replied Rosamond. "It would never support the furniture that is on it, if it was so rotten as to be dangerous. Come across the room with me, and try it." With these words she led him slowly to the window.

"The air seems as if it was nearer to me," he said, bending his face forward towards the lowest of the broken panes. "What is before us now?"

She told him, describing minutely the size and appearance of the window. He turned from it carelessly, as if that part of the room had no interest for him. Rosamond still lingered near the window to try if she could feel a breath of the outer atmosphere. There



was a momentary silence, which was broken by her husband.

"What are you doing now?" he asked anxiously.

"I am looking out at one of the broken panes of glass, and trying to get some air," answered Rosamond. "The shadow of the house is below me, resting on the lonely garden; but there is no coolness breathing up from it. I see the tall weeds rising straight and still, and the tangled wild-flowers interlacing themselves heavily. There is a tree near me, and the leaves look as if they were all struck motionless. Away to the left, there is a peep of white sea and tawny sand quivering in the yellow heat. There are no clouds; there is no blue sky. The mist quenches the brightness of the sunlight, and lets nothing but the fire of it through. There is something threatening in the sky, and the earth seems to know it!"

"But the room! the room!" said Leonard, drawing her aside from the window. "Never mind the view; tell me what the room is like, exactly what it is like. I shall not feel easy about you, Rosamond, if you don't describe every thing to me just as it is."

"My darling! You know you can depend on my describing every thing. I am only doubting where to begin, and how to make sure of seeing for you, what you are likely to think most worth looking at. Here is an old ottoman against the wall—the wall where the window is. I will take off my apron, and dust the seat for you; and then you can sit down, and listen comfortably, while I tell you, before we think of any thing else, what the room is like, to begin with. First of all, I suppose, I must make you understand how large it is?"

"Yes, that is the first thing. Try if you can compare it with any room that I was familiar with, before I lost my sight."

Rosamond looked backwards and forwards, from wall to wall—then went to the fire-place, and walked slowly down the length of the room, counting her steps. Pacing over the dusty floor with a dainty regularity and a childish satisfaction in looking down at the gay pink rosettes on her morning-shoes; holding up her crisp, bright muslin dress out of the dirt, and showing the fanciful embroidery of her

petticoat, and the glossy stockings that fitted her little feet and ankles like a second skin, she moved through the dreariness, the desolation, the dingy ruin of the scene around her, the most charming living contrast to its dead gloom that youth, health, and beauty could present.

Arrived at the bottom of the room, she reflected a little, and said to her husband:

"Do you remember the blue drawing-room, Lenny, in your father's house at Long Beckley? I think this room is quite as large, if not larger."

"What are the walls like?" asked Leonard, placing his hand on the wall behind him while he spoke. "They are covered with paper, are they not?"

"Yes; with faded red paper, except on one side, where strips have been torn off and thrown on the floor. There is wainscoting round the walls. It is cracked in many places, and has ragged holes in it, which seem to have been made by the rats and mice."

"Are there any pictures on the walls?"

"No. There is an empty frame over the fire-place. And, opposite—I mean just above where I am standing now—there is a small mirror, cracked in the centre, with broken branches for candlesticks projecting on either side of it. Above that, again, there is a stag's head and antlers; some of the face has dropped away, and a perfect maze of cobwebs is stretched between the horns. On the other walls there are large nails, with more cobwebs hanging down from them heavy with dirt—but no pictures anywhere. Now you know every thing about the walls. What is the next thing? The floor?"

"I think, Rosamond, my feet have told me already what the floor is like."

"They may have told you that it is bare, dear; but I can tell you more than that. It slopes down from every side towards the middle of the room. It is covered thick with dust, which is swept about—I suppose by the wind blowing through the broken panes—into strange, wavy, feathery shapes that quite hide the floor beneath. Lenny! suppose these boards should be made to take up any where! If we discover nothing to-day, we will have them swept to-morrow. In the mean time, I must go on telling you about the room, must I not? You know

already what the size of it is, what the window is like, what the walls are like, what the floor is like. Is there any thing else before we come to the furniture? O, yes! the ceiling—for that completes the shell of the room. I can't see much of it, it is so high. There are great cracks and stains from one end to the other, and the plaster has come away in patches in some places. The centre ornament seems to be made of alternate rows of small plaster cabbages and large plaster lozenges. Two bits of chain hang down from the middle, which, I suppose, once held a chandelier. The cornice is so dingy that I can hardly tell what pattern it represents. It is very broad and heavy, and it looks in some places as if it had once been colored, and that is all I can say about it. Do you feel as if you thoroughly understood the whole room now, Lenny?"

"Thoroughly, my love; I have the same clear picture of it in my mind which you always give me of every thing you see. You need waste no more time on me. We may now devote ourselves to the purpose for which we came here."

At those last words, the smile which had been dawning on Rosamond's face when her husband addressed her, vanished from it in a moment. She stole close to his side, and, bending down over him, with her arm on his shoulder, said, in low, whispering tones:

"When we had the other room opened, opposite the landing, we began by examining the furniture. We thought—if you remember—that the mystery of the Myrtle Room might be connected with hidden valuables that had been stolen, or hidden papers that ought to have been destroyed, or hidden stains and traces of some crime, which even a chair or a table might betray. Shall we examine the furniture here?"

"Is there much of it, Rosamond?"

"More than there was in the other room," she answered.

"More than you can examine in one morning?"

"No; I think not."

"Then begin with the furniture, if you have no better plan to propose. I am but a helpless adviser at such a crisis as this; I must leave the responsibilities of decision, after all, to rest on your shoulders. Yours are the eyes that look, and the hands that

search; and, if the secret of Mrs. Jazeph's reason for warning you against entering this room, is to be found by seeking in the room, you will find it——"

"And you will know it, Lenny, as soon as it is found. I won't hear you talk, love, as if there was any difference between us, or any superiority in my position over yours. Now, let me see. What shall I begin with? The tall book-case opposite the window? or the dingy old writing-table, in the recess behind the fire-place? Those are the two largest pieces of furniture that I can see in the room."

"Begin with the book-case, my dear, as you seem to have noticed that first."

Rosamond advanced a few steps towards the book-case—then stopped, and looked aside suddenly to the lower end of the room.

"Lenny! I forgot one thing, when I was telling you about the walls," she said.

"There are two doors in the room besides the door we came in at. They are both in the wall to the right, as I stand now with my back to the window. Each is at the same distance from the corner, and each is of the same size and appearance. Don't you think we ought to open them, and see where they lead to?"

"Certainly. But are the keys in the locks?"

Rosamond approached more closely to the doors, and answered in the affirmative.

"Open them, then," said Leonard. "Stop! not by yourself. Take me with you. I don't like the idea of sitting here, and leaving you to open those doors by yourself."

Rosamond retraced her steps to the place where he was sitting, and then led him with her to the door that was farthest from the window. "Suppose there should be some dreadful sight behind it!" she said, trembling a little, as she stretched out her hand towards the key.

"Try to suppose (what is much more probable) that it only leads into another room," suggested Leonard.

Rosamond threw the door wide open, suddenly. Her husband was right. It merely led into the next room.

They passed on to the second door. "Can this one serve the same purpose as the other?" said Rosamond, slowly and distrustfully turning the key.

She opened it as she had opened the first door, put her head inside it for an instant, drew back, shuddering, and closed it again violently, with a faint exclamation of disgust. "Don't be alarmed, Lenny," she said, leading him away abruptly. "The door only opens on a large, empty cupboard. But there are quantities of horrible, crawling brown creatures about the wall inside. I have shut them in again in their darkness and their secrecy; and now I am going to take you back to your seat, before we find out, next, what the book-case contains."

The door of the upper part of the book-case, hanging open and half-dropping from its hinges, showed the emptiness of the shelves on one side at a glance. The corresponding door, when Rosamond pulled it open, disclosed exactly the same spectacle of bareness on the other side. Over every shelf there spread the same dreary accumulation of dust and dirt, without a vestige of a book, without even a stray scrap of paper, lying anywhere in a corner to attract the eye, from top to bottom.

The lower portion of the book-case was divided into three cupboards. In the door of one of the three, the rusty key remained in the lock. Rosamond turned it with some difficulty, and looked into the cupboard. At the back of it were scattered a pack of playing cards, brown with dirt. A morsel of torn, tangled muslin lay among them, which, when Rosamond spread it out, proved to be the remains of a clergyman's band. In one corner she found a broken corkscrew, and the winch of a fishing-rod; in another, some stumps of tobacco pipes, a few old medicine bottles, and a dog's-eared pedlar's song-book. These were all the objects that the cupboard contained. After Rosamond had scrupulously described each one of them to her husband, just as she found it, she went on to the second cupboard. On trying the door, it turned out not to be locked. On looking inside, she discovered nothing but some pieces of blackened cotton wool, and the remains of a jeweller's packing-case.

The third door was locked, but the rusty key from the first cupboard opened it. Inside, there was but one object—a small wooden box, banded round with a piece of tape, the two edges of which were fastened together by a seal. Rosamond's flagging interest rallied instantly at this discovery.

She described the box to her husband, and asked if he thought she was justified in breaking the seal.

"Can you see any thing written on the cover?" he inquired.

Rosamond carried the box to the window, blew the dust off the top of it, and read, on a parchment label nailed to the cover: PAPERS. JOHN ARTHUR TREVERTON. 1760.

"I think you may take the responsibility of breaking the seal," said Leonard. "If those papers had been of any family importance, they could scarcely have been left forgotten in an old book-case by your father and his executors."

Rosamond broke the seal, then looked up doubtfully at her husband before she opened the box. "It seems a mere waste of time to look into this," she said. "How can a box that has not been opened since seventeen hundred and sixty help us to discover the mystery of Mrs. Jazeph and the Myrtle Room?"

"But do we know that it has not been opened since then?" said Leonard.

"Might not the tape and seal have been put round it by anybody at some more recent period of time? You can judge best, because you can see if there is any inscription on the tape, or any signs to form an opinion by, upon the seal."

"The seal is a blank, Lenny, except that it has a flower like a Forget-me-not in the middle. I can see no mark of a pen on either side of the tape. Anybody in the world might have opened the box before me," she continued, forcing up the lid easily with her hands, "for the lock is no protection to it. The wood of the cover is so rotten that I have pulled the staple out, and left it sticking by itself in the lock below."

On examination, the box proved to be full of papers. At the top of the uppermost packet were written these words: "Election expenses. I won by four votes. Price fifty pounds each. J. A. Treverton." The next layer of papers had no inscription. Rosamond opened them, and read on the first leaf: "Birthday Ode. Respectfully addressed to the Mæcenas of modern times in his poetic retirement at Porthgenna." Below this production, appeared a collection of old bills, old notes of invitation, old doctor's prescriptions, and old leaves of betting books,

ried together with a piece of whipcord. Last of all, there lay on the bottom of the box, one thin leaf of paper, the visible side of which presented a perfect blank. Rosamond took it up, turned it to look at the other side, and saw some faint ink lines crossing each other in various directions, and having letters of the alphabet attached to them in certain places. She had made her husband acquainted with the contents of all the other papers, as a matter of course; and when she had described this last paper to him, he explained to her that the lines and letters represented a mathematical problem.

"The book-case tells us nothing," said Rosamond, slowly putting the papers back in the box. "Shall we try the writing-table by the fire-place, next?"

"What does it look like, Rosamond?"

"It has two rows of drawers down each side; and the whole top is made in an odd old-fashioned way to slope upwards like a very large writing-desk."

"Does the top open?"

Rosamond went to the table, examined it narrowly, and then tried to raise the top. "It is made to open, for I see the keyhole," she said. "But it is locked. And all the drawers," she continued, trying them one after another, "are locked too."

"Is there no key in any of them?" asked Leonard.

"Not a sign of one. But the top feels so loose that I really think it might be forced open—as I forced the little box open just now—by a pair of stronger hands than I can boast of. Let me take you to the table, dear; it may give way to your strength, though it will not to mine."

She placed her husband's hands carefully under the ledge formed by the overhanging top of the table. He exerted his whole strength to force it up; but, in this case, the wood was sound, the lock held, and all his efforts were in vain.

"Must we send for a locksmith?" asked Rosamond, with a look of disappointment.

"If the table is of any value, we must," returned her husband. "If not, a screw-driver and a hammer will open both the top and the drawers, in anybody's hands."

"In that case, Lenny, I wish we had brought them with us when we came into the room; for the only value of the table lies in the secrets that it may be hiding from us.

I shall not feel satisfied, until you and I know what there is inside of it."

While saying these words, she took her husband's hand to lead him back to his seat. As they passed before the fire-place, he stepped upon the bare stone hearth; and, feeling some new substance under his feet, instinctively stretched out the hand that was free. It touched a marble tablet, with figures on it in basso-relievo, which had been let into the middle of the chimney-piece. He stopped immediately, and asked what the object was that his fingers had accidentally touched.

"A piece of sculpture," said Rosamond. "I did not notice it before. It is not very large, and not particularly attractive, according to my taste. So far as I can tell, it seems to be intended to represent——"

Leonard stopped her before she could say any more. "Let me try, for once, if I can't make a discovery for myself," he said, a little impatiently. "Let me try if my fingers won't tell me what this sculpture is meant to represent."

He passed his hands carefully over the basso-relievo (Rosamond watching their slightest movement with silent interest, the while), considered a little, and said:

"Is there not a figure of a man sitting down, in the right hand corner? And are there not rocks and trees, very stiffly done, high up, at the left hand side?"

Rosamond looked at him tenderly, and smiled. "My poor dear!" she said. "Your man sitting down is, in reality, a miniature copy of the famous ancient statue of Niobe and her child; your rocks are marble imitations of clouds, and your stiffly done trees are arrows darting out from some invisible Jupiter or Apollo, or other heathen god. Ah, Lenny, Lenny! you can't trust your touch, love, as you can trust me!"

A momentary shade of vexation passed across his face; but it vanished the instant she took his hand again to lead him back to his seat. He drew her to him gently, and kissed her cheek. "You are right, Rosamond," he said. "The one faithful friend to me in my blindness, who never fails, is my wife."

Seeing him look a little saddened, and feeling, with the quick intuition of a woman's affection, that he was thinking of the days when he had enjoyed the blessing of sight,



Rosamond returned abruptly, as soon as she saw him seated once more on the ottoman, to the subject of the Myrtle Room.

"Where shall I look next, dear?" she said. "The book-case we have examined. The writing-table we must wait to examine. What else is there, that has a cupboard or a drawer in it?" She looked round her in perplexity; then walked away towards the part of the room to which her attention had been last drawn—the part where the fireplace was situated.

"I thought I noticed something here, Lenny, when I passed just now with you," she said, approaching the second recess behind the mantelpiece, corresponding with the recess in which the writing-table stood.

She looked into the place closely, and detected in a corner, darkened by the shadow of the heavy projecting mantelpiece, a narrow, rickety little table, made of the commonest mahogany—the frailest, poorest, least conspicuous piece of furniture in the whole room. She pushed it out contemptuously into the light with her foot. It ran on clumsy old-fashioned castors, and creaked wearily as it moved.

"Lenny, I have found another table," said Rosamond. "A miserable, forlorn-looking little thing, lost in a corner. I have just pushed it into the light, and I have discovered one drawer in it." She paused, and tried to open the drawer; but it resisted her. "Another lock!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Even this wretched thing is closed against us!"

She pushed the table sharply away with her hand. It swayed on its frail legs, tottered, and fell over on the floor—fell as heavily as a table of twice its size—fell with a shock that rang through the room, and repeated itself again and again in the echoes of the lonesome north hall.

Rosamond ran to her husband, seeing him start from his seat in alarm, and told him what had happened. "You called it a little table," he replied, in astonishment. "It fell like one of the largest pieces of furniture in the room!"

"Surely there must have been something heavy in the drawer!" said Rosamond, approaching the table, with her spirits still fluttered by the shock of its unnaturally heavy fall. After waiting for a few moments to give the dust which it had raised, and

which still hung over it in thick lazy clouds, time to disperse, she stooped down and examined it. It was cracked across the top from end to end, and the lock had been broken away from its fastenings by the fall.

She set the table up again carefully, drew out the drawer, and, after a glance at its contents, turned to her husband. "I knew it," she said. "I knew there must have been something heavy in the drawer. It is full of pieces of copper-ore, like those specimens of my father's, Lenny, from Porthgenna mine. Wait! I think I feel something else, as far away at the back here as my hand can reach."

She extracted from the lumps of ore at the back of the drawer, a small circular picture-frame of black wood, about the size of an ordinary hand-glass. It came out with the front part downwards, and with the area which its circle inclosed filled up by a thin piece of wood, of the sort which is used at the backs of small frames to keep drawings and engravings steady in them. This piece of wood (only secured to the back of the frame by one nail) had been forced out of its place, probably by the overthrow of the table; and when Rosamond took the frame out of the drawer, she observed between it and the dislodged piece of wood, the end of a morsel of paper, apparently folded many times over, so as to occupy the smallest possible space. She drew out the piece of paper, laid it aside on the table without unfolding it, replaced the piece of wood in its proper position, and then turned the frame round, to see if there was a picture in front.

There was a picture—a picture painted in oils, darkened, but not much faded, by age. It represented the head of a woman, and the figure, as far as the bosom.

The instant Rosamond's eyes fell on it, she shuddered, and hurriedly advanced towards her husband with the picture in her hand.

"Well, what have you found now?" he inquired, hearing her approach.

"A picture," she answered faintly, stopping to look at it again.

Leonard's sensitive ear detected a change in her voice. "Is there any thing that alarms you in the picture?" he asked, half in jest, half in earnest.

"There is something that startles me—something that seems to have turned me cold for the moment, hot as the day is," said

Rosamond. "Do you remember the description the servant-girl gave us, on the night when we arrived here, of the ghost of the north rooms!"

"Yes, I remember it perfectly."

"Lenny, that description and this picture are exactly alike! Here is the curling light-brown hair. Here is the dimple on each cheek. Here are the bright regular teeth. Here is that leering, wicked, fatal beauty which the girl tried to describe, and did describe, when she said it was awful!"

Leonard smiled. "That vivid fancy of yours, my dear, takes strange flights sometimes," he said, quietly.

"Fancy!" repeated Rosamond to herself.

"How can it be fancy when I see the face? how can it be fancy when I feel——" She stopped, shuddered again, and, returning hastily to the table, placed the picture on it, face downwards. As she did so the morsel of folded paper which she had removed from the back of the frame caught her eye.

"There may be some account of the picture in this," she said, and stretched out her hand to it.

It was getting on towards noon. The heat weighed heavier on the air, and the stillness of all things was more intense than ever, as she took up the paper from the table, and opened it.

#### CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.—THE TELLING OF THE SECRET.

Fold by fold Rosamond opened the paper, and saw that there were written characters inside it, traced in ink that had faded to a light yellow hue. She smoothed it out carefully on the table—then took it up again, and looked at the first line of the writing.

The first line contained only three words—words which told her that the paper with the writing on it was not a description of a picture, but a letter;—words which made her start and change color, the moment her eye fell upon them. Without attempting to read any further, she hastily turned over the leaf to find out the place where the writing ended.

It ended at the bottom of the third page; but there was a break in the lines, near the foot of the second page, and in that break there were two names signed. She looked at the uppermost of the two—started again—and turned back instantly to the first page.

Line by line, and word by word, she read through the writing; her natural complexion fading out gradually the while, and a dull, equal whiteness overspreading all her face in its stead. When she had come to the end of the third page, the hand in which she held the letter dropped to her side, and she turned her head slowly towards Leonard. In that position she stood,—no tears moistening her eyes, no change passing over her features, no word escaping her lips, no movement varying the position of her limbs,—in that position she stood, with the fatal letter crumpled up in her cold fingers, looking steadfastly, speechlessly, breathlessly at her blind husband.

He was still sitting, as she had seen him a few minutes before, with his legs crossed, his hands clasped together in front of them, and his head turned expectantly in the direction in which he had last heard the sound of his wife's voice. But, in a few moments, the intense stillness in the room forced itself upon his attention. He changed his position—listened for a little, turning his head uneasily from side to side—and then called to his wife.

"Rosamond!"

At the sound of his voice her lips moved, and her fingers closed faster on the paper that they held; but she neither stepped forward nor spoke.

"Rosamond!"

Her lips moved again—faint traces of expression began to pass shadow-like over the blank whiteness of her face—she advanced one step, hesitated, looked at the letter, and stopped.

Hearing no answer, he rose surprised and uneasy. Moving his poor, helpless, wandering hands to and fro before him in the air, he walked forward a few paces, straight out from the wall against which he had been sitting. A chair, which his hands were not held low enough to touch, stood in his way; and, as he still advanced, he struck his knee sharply against it.

A cry burst from Rosamond's lips, as if the pain of the blow had passed, at the instant of its infliction, from her husband to herself. She was by his side in a moment. "You are not hurt, Lenny?" she said, faintly.

"No, no." He tried to press his hand on the place where he had struck himself, but she knelt down quickly, and put her own hand there instead; nestling her head against him, while she was on her knees, in a strangely hesitating, timid way. He lightly laid the hand which she had intercepted on her shoulder. The moment it touched her, her eyes began to soften; the tears rose in them, and fell slowly one by one down her cheeks.

"I thought you had left me," he said. "There was such a silence that I fancied you had gone out of the room."

"Will you come out of it with me, now?" Her strength seemed to fail her, while she asked the question; her head drooped on her breast, and she let the letter fall on the floor at her side.

"Are you tired already, Rosamond? Your voice sounds as if you were."

"I want to leave the room," she said, still in the same low, faint, constrained tone. "Is your knee easier, dear? Can you walk, now?"

"Certainly. There is nothing in the world the matter with my knee. If you are tired, Rosamond,—as I know you are, though you may not confess it,—the sooner we leave the room the better."

She appeared not to hear the last words he said. Her fingers were working feverishly about her neck and bosom; two bright red spots were beginning to burn in her pale cheeks; her eyes were fixed vacantly on the letter at her side; her hands wavered about it before she picked it up. For a few seconds, she waited on her knees, looking at it intently, with her head turned away from her husband—then rose and walked to the fire-place. Among the dust, ashes, and other rubbish at the back of the grate were scattered some old, torn pieces of paper. They caught her eye, and held it fixed on them. She looked and looked, slowly bending down nearer and nearer to the grate. For one moment she held the letter out over the rubbish in both hands—the next she drew back, shuddering violently, and turned round so as to face her husband again. At the sight of him, a faint, inarticulate exclamation, half sigh, half sob, burst from her. "O, no, no!" she whispered to herself, clasping her hands together, fervently, and looking at him with fond, mournful eyes.

"Never, never, Lenny—come of it what may!"

"Were you speaking to me, Rosamond?"

"Yes, love. I was saying—" She paused, and, with trembling fingers, folded up the paper again, exactly in the form in which she had found it.

"Where are you?" he asked. "Your voice sounds away from me, at the other end of the room again. Where are you?"

She ran to him, flushed, and trembling, and tearful; took him by the arm; and, without an instant of hesitation, without the faintest sign of irresolution in her face, placed the folded paper boldly in his hand.

"Keep that, Lenny," she said, turning deadly pale, but still not losing her firmness.

"Keep that, and ask me to read it to you as soon as we are out of the Myrtle Room."

"What is it?" he asked.

"The last thing I have found, love," she replied, looking at him earnestly, with a deep sigh of relief.

"Is it of any importance?"

Instead of answering, she suddenly caught him to her bosom, clung to him with all the fervor of her impulsive nature, and breathlessly and passionately covered his face with kisses.

"Gently! gently!" said Leonard, laughing. "You take away my breath."

She drew back, and stood looking at him in silence, with a hand laid on each of his shoulders. "O, my angel!" she murmured tenderly. "I would give all I have in the world, if I could only know how much you love me!"

"Surely," he returned, still laughing, "surely, Rosamond, you ought to know by this time!"

"I shall know soon." She spoke those words in tones so quiet and low that they were barely audible. Interpreting the change in her voice as a fresh indication of fatigue, Leonard invited her to lead him away by holding out his hand. She took it in silence, and guided him slowly to the door.

On their way back to the inhabited side of the house, she said nothing more on the subject of the folded piece of paper which she had placed in his hands. All her attention, while they were returning to the west front, seemed to be absorbed in the one act of jealously watching every inch of ground that he

walked over, to make sure that it was safe and smooth before she suffered him to set his foot on it. Careful and considerate as she had always been, from the first day of their married life, whenever she led him from one place to another, she was now unduly, almost absurdly, anxious to preserve him from the remotest possibility of an accident. Finding that he was nearest to the outside of the open landing, when they left the Myrtle Room, she insisted on changing places, so that he might be nearest to the wall. While they were descending the stairs, she stopped him in the middle, to inquire if he felt any pain in the knee which he had struck against the chair. At the last step she brought him to a stand-still again, while she moved away the torn and tangled remains of an old mat, for fear one of his feet should catch in it. Walking across the north hall, she entreated that he would take her arm and lean heavily upon her, because she felt sure that his knee was not quite free from stiffness yet. Even at the short flight of stairs which connected the entrance to the hall with the passages leading to the west side of the house, she twice stopped him on the way down, to place his foot on the sound parts of the steps, which she represented as dangerously worn away in more places than one. He laughed good-humoredly at her excessive anxiety to save him from all danger of stumbling, and asked if there was any likelihood, with their numerous stoppages, of getting back to the west side of the house in time for lunch. She was not ready, as usual, with her retort; his laugh found no pleasant echo in hers; she only answered that it was impossible to be too anxious about him; and then went on in silence, till they reached the door of the housekeeper's room.

Leaving him for a moment outside, she went in to give the keys back again to Mrs. Pentreath.

"Dear me, ma'am!" exclaimed the housekeeper, "you look quite overcome by the heat of the day, and the close air of those old rooms. Can I get you a glass of water, or may I give you my bottle of salts?"

Rosamond declined both offers.

"May I be allowed to ask, ma'am, if any thing has been found this time in the north rooms?" inquired Mrs. Pentreath, hanging up the bunch of keys.

"Only some old papers," replied Rosamond, turning away.

"I beg pardon, again, ma'am," pursued the housekeeper; "but in case any of the gentry of the neighborhood should call to-day?"

"We are engaged. No matter who it may be, we are both engaged." Answering briefly in these terms, Rosamond left Mrs. Pentreath, and rejoined her husband.

With the same excess of attention and care which she had shown on the way to the housekeeper's room, she now led him up the west staircase. The library door happening to stand open, they passed through it on their way to the drawing-room, which was the larger and cooler apartment of the two. Having guided Leonard to a seat, Rosamond returned to the library, and took from the table a tray containing a bottle of water, and a tumbler, which she had noticed when she passed through.

"I may feel faint as well as frightened," she said quickly to herself, turning round with the tray in her hand to return to the drawing-room.

After she had put the water down on a table in a corner, she noiselessly locked first the door leading into the library, then the door leading into the passage. Leonard, hearing her moving about, advised her to keep quiet on the sofa. She patted him gently on the cheek, and was about to make some suitable answer, when she accidentally beheld her face reflected in the looking-glass under which he was sitting. The sight of her own white cheeks and startled eyes suspended the words on her lips. She hastened away to the window, to catch any breath of air that might be wafted towards her from the sea.

The heat-mist still hid the horizon. Nearer, the oily, colorless surface of the water was just visible, heaving slowly from time to time in one vast monotonous wave that rolled itself out smoothly and endlessly till it was lost in the white obscurity of the mist. Close on the shore, the noisy surf was hushed. No sound came from the beach except at long, wearily long intervals, when a quick thump and a still splash, just audible and no more, announced the fall of one tiny, mimic wave upon the parching sand. On the terrace in front of the house, the changeless hum of summer insects was all that told of



life and movement. Not a human figure was to be seen anywhere on the shore; no sign of a sail loomed shadowy through the heat at sea; no breath of air waved the light tendrils of the creepers that twined up the house-wall, or refreshed the drooping flowers ranged in the windows. Rosamond turned away from the outer prospect, after a moment's weary contemplation of it. As she looked into the room again, her husband spoke to her.

"What precious thing lies hidden in this paper?" he asked, producing the letter, and smiling as he opened it. "Surely there must be something besides writing—some inestimable powder, or some bank-note of fabulous value—wrapped up in all these folds?"

Rosamond's heart sank within her, as he opened the letter and passed his finger over the writing inside, with a mock expression of anxiety, and a light jest about sharing all-treasures discovered at Porthgenna with his wife.

"I will read it to you directly, Lenny," she said, dropping into the nearest seat, and languidly pushing her hair back from her temples. "But put it away for a few minutes now, and let us talk of any thing else you like that does not remind us of the Myrtle Room. I am very capricious, am I not, to be so suddenly weary of the very subject that I have been fondest of talking about for so many weeks past? Tell me, love," she added, rising abruptly and going to the back of his chair; "do I get worse with my whims and fancies and faults?—or am I improved, since the time when we were first married?"

He tossed the letter aside carelessly on a table which was always placed by the arm of his chair, and shook his forefinger at her with a frown of comic reproof. "O fie, Rosamond! are you trying to entrap me into paying you compliments?"

The light tone that he persisted in adopting seemed absolutely to terrify her. She shrank away from his chair, and sat down again at a little distance from him.

"I remember I used to offend you," she continued, quickly and confusedly. "No, no, not to offend—only to vex you a little—by talking too familiarly to the servants. You might almost have fancied, at first, if you had not known me so well, that it was

a habit with me because I had once been a servant myself. Suppose I had been a servant—the servant who had helped to nurse you in your illnesses, the servant who led you about in your blindness more carefully than any one else—would you have thought much, then, of the difference between us? would you——"

She stopped. The smile had vanished from Leonard's face, and he had turned a little away from her. "What is the use, Rosamond, of supposing events that never could have happened?" he asked, rather impatiently.

She went to the side-table, poured out some of the water she had brought from the library, and drank it eagerly; then walked to the window and plucked a few of the flowers that were placed there. She threw some of them away again the next moment; but kept the rest in her hand, thoughtfully arranging them so as to contrast their colors with the best effect. When this was done, she put them into her bosom, looked down absently at them, took them out again, and, returning to her husband, placed the little nosegay in the button-hole of his coat.

"Something to make you look gay and bright, love—as I always wish to see you," she said, seating herself in her favorite attitude at his feet, and looking up at him sadly, with her arms resting on his knees.

"What are you thinking about, Rosamond?" he asked, after an interval of silence.

"I was only wondering, Lenny, whether any woman in the world could be as fond of you as I am. I feel almost afraid that there are others who would ask nothing better than to live and die for you, as well as me. There is something in your face, in your voice, in all your ways—something besides the interest of your sad, sad affliction—that would draw any woman's heart to you, I think. If I was to die——"

"If you were to die!" He started as he repeated the words after her, and, leaning forward, anxiously laid his hand upon her forehead. "You are thinking and talking very strangely this morning, Rosamond! Are you not well?"

She rose on her knees and looked closer at him, her face brightening a little, and a faint smile just playing round her lips. "I wonder if you will always be as anxious

about me, and as fond of me, as you are now!" she whispered, kissing his hand as she removed it from her forehead. He leaned back again in the chair, and told her jestingly not to look too far into the future. The words, lightly as they were spoken, struck deep into her heart. "There are times, Lenny," she said, "when all one's happiness in the present depends upon one's certainty of the future." She looked at the letter, which her husband had left open on the table near him, as she spoke; and, after a momentary struggle with herself, took it in her hand to read it. At the first word her voice failed her; the deadly paleness overspread her face again; she threw the letter back on the table, and walked away to the other end of the room.

"The future?" asked Leonard. "What future, Rosamond, can you possibly mean?"

"Suppose I meant our future at Porthgenna!" she said, moistening her dry lips with a few drops of water. "Shall we stay here as long as we thought we should, and be as happy as we have been everywhere else! You told me on the journey that I should find it dull, and that I should be driven to try all sorts of extraordinary occupations to amuse myself. You said you expected that I should begin with gardening and end by writing a novel. A novel!" She approached her husband again, and watched his face eagerly while she went on. "Why not! More women write novels now than men. What is to prevent me from trying! The first great requisite, I suppose, is to have an idea of a story; and that I have got." She advanced a few steps further, reached the table on which the letter lay; and placed her hand on it, keeping her eyes still fixed intently on Leonard's face.

"And what is your idea, Rosamond?" he asked.

"This," she replied. "I mean to make the main interest of the story centre in two young married people. They shall be very fond of each other,—as fond as we are, Lenny,—and they shall be in our rank of life. After they have been happily married some time, and when they have got one child to make them love each other more dearly than ever, a terrible discovery shall fall upon them like a thunderbolt. The husband shall have chosen for his wife a young lady bearing as ancient a family name as—"

"As your name!" suggested Leonard.

"As the name of the Treverton family," she continued, after a pause, during which her hand had been restlessly moving the letter to and fro on the table. "The husband shall be well-born,—as well-born as you, Lenny,—and the terrible discovery shall be, that his wife has no right to the ancient name that she bore when he married her."

"I can't say, my love, that I approve of your idea. Your story will decoy the reader into feeling an interest in a woman who turns out to be an impostor."

"No!" cried Rosamond, warmly. "A true woman—a woman who never stooped to a deception—a woman full of faults and failings, but a teller of the truth at all hazards and all sacrifices. Hear me out, Lenny, before you judge." Hot tears rushed into her eyes; but she dashed them away passionately, and went on. "The wife shall grow up to womanhood, and shall marry, in total ignorance—mind that!—in total ignorance of her real history. The sudden disclosure of the truth shall overwhelm her—she shall find herself struck by a calamity which she had no hand in bringing about. She shall be crushed, petrified, staggered in her very reason by the discovery; it shall burst upon her when she has no one but herself to depend on; she shall have the power of keeping it a secret from her husband with perfect impunity; she shall be tried, she shall be shaken in her mortal frailness, by one moment of fearful temptation; she shall conquer it, and, of her own free will, she shall tell her husband all that she knows herself. Now, Lenny, what do you call that woman? an impostor?"

"No; a victim."

"Who goes of her own accord to the sacrifice? and who is to be sacrificed?"

"I did not say that."

"What would you do with her, Lenny, if you were writing the story? I mean, how would you make her husband behave to her? It is a question in which a man's nature is concerned, and a woman is not competent to decide it. I am perplexed about how to end the story. How would you end it, love?" As she ceased, her voice sank sadly to its gentlest pleading tones. She came close to him, and twined her fingers in his hair fondly. "How

would you end it, love?" she repeated, stooping down till her trembling lips just touched his forehead.

He moved uneasily in his chair, and replied, "I am not a writer of novels, Rosamond."

"But how would you act, Lenny, if you were that husband?"

"It is hard for me to say," he answered. "I have not your vivid imagination, my dear: I have no power of putting myself, at a moment's notice, into a position that is not my own, and of knowing how I should act in it."

"But suppose your wife was close to you—as close as I am now? Suppose she had just told you the dreadful secret, and was standing before you—as I am standing now—with the happiness of her whole life to come depending on one kind word from your lips? O Lenny, you would not let her drop broken-hearted at your feet? You would know, let her birth be what it might, that she was still the same faithful creature who had cherished, and served, and trusted, and worshipped you since her marriage-day, and who asked nothing in return but to lay her head on your bosom, and to hear you say that you loved her? You would know that she had nerved herself to tell the fatal secret, because, in her loyalty and love to her husband, she would rather die forsaken and despised, than live, deceiving him? You would know all this and you would open your arms to the mother of your child, to the wife of your first love, though she was the lowliest of all lowly-born women in the estimation of the world? O, you would, Lenny; I know you would!"

"Rosamond! how your hands tremble; how your voice alters! You are agitating yourself about this supposed story of yours, as if you were talking of real events."

"You would take her to your heart, Lenny? You would open your arms to her without an instant of unworthy doubt?"

"Hush! hush! I hope I should."

"Hope? only hope? O, think again, love, think again; and say you *know* you should!"

"Must I, Rosamond? Then I do say it."

She drew back as the words passed his lips, and took the letter from the table.

"You have not yet asked me, Lenny, to

read the letter that I found in the Myrtle Room. I offer to read it now, of my own accord." She trembled a little as she spoke those few decisive words, but her utterance of them was clear and steady, as if her consciousness of being now irrevocably pledged to make the disclosure, had strengthened her at last to dare all hazards and end all suspense.

Her husband turned towards the place from which the sound of her voice had reached him, with a mixed expression of perplexity and surprise in his face. "You pass so suddenly from one subject to another," he said, "that I hardly know how to follow you. What in the world, Rosamond, takes you, at one jump, from a romantic argument about a situation in a novel, to the plain, practical business of reading an old letter?"

"Perhaps there is a closer connection between the two than you suspect," she answered.

"A closer connection? What connection? I don't understand."

"The letter will explain."

"Why the letter? Why should you not explain?"

She stole one anxious look at his face, and saw that a sense of something serious to come was now overshadowing his mind for the first time.

"Rosamond!" he exclaimed, "there is some mystery——"

"There are no mysteries between us two," she interposed quickly. "There never have been any, love; there never shall be." She moved a little nearer to him to take her old favorite place on his knee, then checked herself, and drew back again, to the table. Warning tears in her eyes bade her distrust her own firmness, and read the letter where she could not feel the beating of his heart.

"Did I tell you," she resumed, after waiting an instant to compose herself, "where I found the folded piece of paper which I put into your hand in the Myrtle Room?"

"No," he replied, "I think not."

"I found it at the back of the frame of that picture—the picture of the ghostly woman with the wicked face. I opened it immediately, and saw that it was a letter. The address inside, the first line under it, and

one of the two signatures which it contained were in a handwriting that I knew."

"Whose?"

"The handwriting of the late Mrs. Treverton."

"Of your mother?"

"Of the late Mrs. Treverton."

"Gracious God, Rosamond! why do you speak of her in that way?"

"Let me read, and you will know. I would rather read it than tell it. You have seen, with my eyes, what the Myrtle Room is like; you have seen, with my eyes, every object which the search through it brought to light; you must now see, with my eyes, what this letter contains. It is the secret of the Myrtle Room."

She bent close over the faint, faded writing, and read these words:

"To my husband:

"We have parted, Arthur, forever, and I have not had the courage to embitter our farewell by confessing that I have deceived you—cruelly and basely deceived you. But a few minutes since, you were weeping by my bedside, and speaking of our child. My wronged, my beloved husband, the little daughter of your heart is not yours, is not mine. She is a love-child, whom I have imposed on you for mine. Her father was a miner at Porthgenna, her mother is my maid, Sarah Leeson."

Rosamond paused, but never raised her head from the letter. She heard her husband lay his hand suddenly on the table; she heard him start to his feet; she heard him draw his breath heavily in one quick gasp; she heard him whisper to himself the instant after, "A love-child!" With a fearful, painful distinctness she heard those three words. The tone in which he whispered them turned her cold. But she never moved, for there was more to read; and, while more remained, if her life had depended on it, she could not have looked up.

In a moment more she went on, and read these lines next:

"I have many heavy sins to answer for, but this one sin you must pardon, Arthur; for I committed it through fondness for you. That fondness told me a secret which you sought to hide from me. That fondness told me that your barren wife would never make

your heart all her own until she had borne you a child; and your lips proved it true. Your first words, when you came back from sea, and the infant was placed in your arms, were: 'I have never loved you, Rosamond, as I love you now.' If you had not said that, I should never have kept my guilty secret.

"I can add no more, for death is very near me. How the fraud was committed, and what my other motives were, I must leave you to discover from the mother of the child, who is charged to give you this. You will be merciful to the poor little creature who bears my name, I know. Be merciful also to her unhappy parent; she is only guilty of too blindly obeying me. If there is any thing that mitigates the bitterness of my remorse, it is the remembrance that my act of deceit saved the most faithful and the most affectionate of women from shame that she had not deserved. Remember me forgivingly, Arthur—words may tell how I have sinned against you; no words can tell how I have loved you!"

She had struggled on thus far, and had reached the last line on the second page of the letter, when she paused again, and then tried to read the first of the two signatures—"Rosamond Treverton." She faintly repeated two syllables of that familiar Christian name—the name that was on her husband's lips every hour of the day!—and struggled to articulate the third, but her voice failed her. All the sacred household memories which that ruthless letter had profaned forever, seemed to tear themselves away from her heart at the same moment. With a low moaning cry, she dropped her arms on the table, and laid her head down on them, and hid her face.

She heard nothing, she was conscious of nothing, until she felt a touch on her shoulder—a light touch from a hand that trembled. Every pulse in her body bounded in answer to it, and she looked up.

Her husband had guided himself near to her by the table. The tears were glistening in his dim, sightless eyes. As she rose and touched him, his arms opened, and closed fast round her.

"My own Rosamond!" he said, "come to me and be comforted!"



From The Times, 18 April.

## THE GREAT SHIP.

Among the passions which belong to human nature we may recognize what may be called a passion for size. Those primitive works of fiction which feed the childish imagination appeal very boldly to this passion. They go straight to the point, and create without ceremony men, houses, and lions ten times bigger than actual men, real houses, and live lions. But this is not the only quarter in which this appeal is made. Science, with all its gravity, copies fiction here, and appeals to the same passion exactly as the childish fairy tale did. What single ingredient in astronomy, for example, tells more in creating a taste for that science than the enormous distances in which it abounds? The figures which represent the distances of heavenly bodies from us, or the speed with which light, or the speed with which electricity travels, have the same fascination for the scientific that the numbers in the banker's book have for the covetous imagination. The one set of figures constitutes the conventional symbol for space, and the other for wealth.

Whoever wants to feed this natural passion for size in the primitive way, and to see a true giant in its own line, must visit the bank of the Thames at Millwall. But before he goes we recommend him, unless he is very well versed in the Book of Genesis, to turn to the 6th chapter, and refresh his memory as to the dimensions of Noah's Ark and the "fashion" of its making: "The length of the Ark shall be 300 cubits, the breadth of it 50 cubits, and the height of it 30 cubits." So, reckoning the cubits at a foot and a half, we have a ship 450 feet long, 75 feet broad, and 45 feet high. While the visitor is collecting data as to ships, sacred and profane, he may turn out "Marlborough" in the *Navy List*, and there he will see that the largest line-of-battle ship in the British Navy is exactly of 4,000 tons burden. And now let him get on board a Greenwich steamer and be steamed through the picturesque Pool to Millwall. Just opposite Deptford he will be aware of something pre-Adamitic wallowing in the mud of the Isle of Dogs—a stranded saurian ship, to which even Noah's Ark must yield precedence, and to which all the Marlboroughs, and Wellingtons, and Merrimacs, and Niagaras in the

world are mere cockboats. An iron hull of the burden of 23,000 tons, nearly 700 feet long, and 60 high, will meet his eye—the hull of Mr. Scott Russell's Great Eastern steamship. We must give a few more figures, for every figure is a monster, and worth looking at separately. One is a figure of 30,000,—the number of the iron plates which compose the enormous erection, each weighing the third of a ton, and each fastened by 100 rivets. The ship will accommodate 4,000 passengers, 800 of whom are first-class. On an emergency she could carry 10,000 troops. She will contain 10 boilers, and 100 furnaces. The cylinder of every engine will be six feet in diameter, and will weigh five times as much as the great bell of St. Paul's. The screw propeller will be 24 feet in diameter, and the diameter of the paddle wheels will be 56 feet, or considerably larger than the circus at Astley's. The principal suite of saloons will be 400 feet in length, and a promenade round the deck will afford a walk of more than a quarter of a mile. This monster ship will combine steam power in both shapes, screw and paddle, with sailing power. She will carry 11,000 tons of coal, she will be lighted by gas made on board, and the electric light will flicker like St. Elmo's fire at night from her masthead. She will spread 6,500 yards of canvas and her speed is computed at 15 knots or 18 miles an hour—a rate which will perform the voyage to India by the Cape, and to Australia, in little more than a month. Who would not wish to be the captain of this gallant ship?

With these principal figures, then, gone through, let us imagine the Great Eastern afloat, and on her road to Bombay or Melbourne, and with her ordinary complement of passengers on board. The first idea which strikes us is the multitude of faces on board. It will, in fact, be a whole town afloat, and much more than a town of 4,000 population, because it will be a floating town of 4,000 grown-up persons; at least, with comparatively few exceptions, each of them being what is called an "individual,"—by which we mean a human being of size to command notice; and having to appearance, at least, a mind and will of his own, together with a formed air, tone, and manner peculiar to himself. In this sense even young ladies are individuals. All this crowd of individuali-

ties will be collected within the dimensions of 700 feet by 60. What a new shape of human society! Take the 800 first-class passengers by themselves, and what room does even this number afford for the formation of all kinds of different circles and sets, which will know nothing of each other, one man only just knowing another by sight, and hardly that! How many immeasurable social chasms will be collected within a few hundred feet! How many Mr. Smiths will there be who will not speak to Mr. Jones during the whole voyage because he is not in the same set! How many Mr. Joneses will pay back Mr. Smith in the same coin! Between how many "nice" young ladies and "proper" young gentlemen will there not be a great gulf fixed, because in the eyes of anxious mothers the said young gentlemen are not desirable persons, but mere penniless bipeds! What flirtations will there not be behind boats, what rivalries, and, if many Americans voyage by the Great Eastern, what duellings may we not expect on that ample deck!

In short, what an epitome or camera-obscura of the world will the Great Eastern present! It will be worth any aspiring novelist's while to take his berth to Australia or India and back again, simply for the great convenience of having so much human nature brought before him within so small a compass. It will be the mountain brought to Mahomet, the world condensing itself before his eyes, for the sake of being observed and examined. The rapid succession of faces will bewilder him at first, but individuality will come out in time, though he must be sharp about his work, otherwise the Great Eastern will have stopped her screw and paddles before he has got any results. If his material is enlarged, his time is much curtailed on the new system. Farewell to long voyages, with their appropriate quarrels and matches—their lovmakings, jiltings, reconciliations, and irrevocable unions;—voyage life has entered on another phase. For what is a month?—it is gone before we begin to think about its going. How will the old voyagers look back to the romantic days when a roomful of persons were their own company for four months, gradually forming enmities or friendships, when attachments rose up among "young people" unconsciously and by the mere passive influence of

the scene! We are growing a busier nation every year, and cannot afford time for more than one chapter of this sea romance.

But we must not let the appeal to imagination supersede the real practical result of the grand experiment of the Great Eastern. The poet, as he surveyed this vast sublunary scene of restless industry and adventure, was struck by nothing so much as the triumph of man over the sea. He expresses himself as more than struck,—as *shocked*.

"Nequicquam Deus abscedit  
Prudens Oceano dissociabili  
Terras, si tamen impies  
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada."

He argued that the sea was a providential appointment, and that it was impious in man to struggle against it,—he had no right to unite what God had separated, and connect land with land when the Divine power had inserted water between. We have long seen the weakness of this argument, and arrived at a much better doctrine of final causes than this. But, if any one wants to see a good finishing blow given to the Horatian argument,—at least on the *Solvitur ambulando* principle,—he may see it given by the Great Eastern. That mighty fabric indeed does not talk, but it acts,—its act being a month's voyage to India or to Australia. That act, while it is a speechless, is at the same time the most powerful answer, that the religious scruples of the awe-struck poet could receive. A reflecting mind will see in such a voyage a much more natural, proper, wise, and obedient fulfilment of the designs of Providence than any timid self-confinement and servile deference to a barrier of nature would have been. It will appear that the sea was made to alternate with the dry land, not that continents might be disconnected, but that man should have the opportunity of exerting his skill and invention in connecting them. The result of this great experiment in shipbuilding, if it answers, of which there is little or no doubt, will be a consolidation of the British Empire such as we have not yet seen. Half of the space which separates the various sections of it from the mother country and from each other will be annihilated. Our colonies will be brought comparatively close to us, and, what is almost of as much importance as the actual vicinity gained, they will be more than twice as near to us in imagination.

The difference between a month's voyage and two or three months is all the difference to the imagination. We think of a place as within reach, and within a home distance, if it is only "a month off." The whole Empire is thus brought into a home compass, and obtains the addition of strength which

so much greater union gives. We shall find ourselves paying visits to and receiving visits from India and Australia. Our friends will come over for the summer with return tickets, and the British Empire will become, in virtual compass, a province.

WHO WROTE "CHEER, BOYS, CHEER"?—You and your numerous correspondents are supposed to know, or to be able to discover, every thing connected with literature, past and present. Can you inform me who is the author of a song entitled "*Cheer, boys, cheer*"? I think—I believe—nay I am sure that I wrote it—and invented it: and I believe this upon evidence which is as convincing to my own mind, as the evidence of the fact that I have a nose upon my face—which I can feel when I will, and of which I can see the reflection in a mirror. In fact, there is no fact more indubitable to my mind, than this particular fact. Yet I learn, from an Edinburgh newspaper, which a good-natured friend has just forwarded for my gratification, that "*Cheer, boys, cheer*!" is the literary product of Lady Maxwell of Monteith, sister to Admiral Sir Houston Stewart; and not of Charles Mackay." I will not be so ungallant as to call upon the lady herself to substantiate a claim which I am quite sure she has never made; but perhaps some of your correspondents will be able to inform me whether Lady Maxwell has written a parody or imitation of the original song? and thus led the correspondent of the northern newspaper into a blunder, which is amusing to me, but which may perchance be painful to a lady, who I am sure would no more think of robbing me of my poor verses, than I would of stealing her purse or her pocket-handkerchief. The thing is of little value, I admit; but if I am not to believe that it is mine, I must disbelieve, Sir, in your existence—in that of "N. & Q."—in that of the piece of paper on which this letter is written—nay, in that of the solid earth itself.

CHAS. MACKAY.

—Notes and Queries.

SAPPHIRES BY A CHEMICAL PROCESS.—M. A. Gaudin last week communicated to the Academy of Sciences a process for obtaining alumina (the clay which yields the new metal called aluminium) in transparent crystals, which therefore present the same chemical composition as the natural stone known under the name of sapphire. To obtain them he lines a common crucible with a coating of lamp-black, and introduces into it equal portions of alum and sulphate of potash reduced to powder and calcined. He then exposes it for a quarter of an hour to the fire of a common forge. The crucible is then allowed to cool, and on breaking it the surface of the lamp-black coating is found covered with numerous brilliant points composed of

sulphuret of potassium, enveloping the crystals of alumina obtained, or, in other words, real sapphires or corundum. The size of the crystals is large in proportion to the mass operated upon; those obtained by M. Gaudin are about a millimetre (8-100ths of an inch) in diameter, and half a millimetre in height. They are so hard that they have been found to be preferable to rubies for the purposes of watch-making.

BAPTISMAL SUPERSTITION.—The custom of persons, when carrying infants to church for baptism, taking with them bread and cheese to be given to the first individual met, is not yet gone into disuse. One Sunday forenoon, about two years ago, when walking along Candleriggs, I saw the practice carried out, amid a little laughter, in all its entirety. On this occasion a silver coin was given in return for the eatables. I was told that the appearance of copper in such transactions was, if possible, to be avoided.

In our rural parishes, where the child to be baptized had sometimes to be carried a considerable distance before the church was reached, it was not an unusual sight, some sixty or seventy years ago, I have been told, to see a quantity of common table-salt carried *withershins* (i. e. contrary to the course of the sun) round the baby before the baptismal company left the parental dwelling. This done, no harm, it was believed, would befall the little stranger in its unchristened state. I have conversed with an old woman, a native of Ayrshire, who had seen the custom put in practice when she was a girl.

—Notes and Queries.

LIST OF GENERAL COUNCILS.—Can some of your numerous and obliging correspondents refer me to a correct list of general councils? Authorities are so much at variance on this subject, that it seems to be almost hopeless to attempt to arrive at a very satisfactory conclusion. For instance, in Bohn's new edition of Blair's *Chronological Tables*, generally a trustworthy guide, I find, 1123, a general council held in the Lateran; 1414, Council of Constance, seventeenth general council; 1545, Council of Trent, the nineteenth and last general council; yet in Landon's *Manual of Councils*, all the afore-mentioned are stated to be "falsely styled oecumenical." Numerous instances of a similar kind occur; I merely refer to these as cases in point. I have searched several of the best authorities for the information, but in none is it given, with the reasons why, &c.—Notes and Queries.

## AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

ALL day, from shrubs by our Summer dwelling,

The Easter-sparrow repeats his song;

A merry warbler, he chides the blossoms,

The idle blossoms, that sleep so long.

The blue-bird chants, from the elm's long branches,

A hymn to welcome the budding year;

The south-wind wanders from field to forest,

And softly whispers, The Spring is here!

Come, daughter mine, from the gloomy city,

Before these lays from the elm have ceased;

The violet breathes by our door as sweetly

As in the air of her native East.

Though many a flower in the wood is waking,

The daffodil is our door-side queen;

She pushes upward the sword already,

To spot with sunshine the early green.

No lay so joyous as these are warbled

From the wiry prison in maiden's bower;

No pampered bloom of the green-house chamber

Has half the charm of the lawn's first flower.

Yet these sweet lays of the early season,

And these fair sights of its sunny days,

Are only sweet when we fondly listen,

And only fair when we fondly gaze.

There is no glory in star or blossom

Till looked upon by a loving eye;

There is no fragrance in April breezes.

Till breathed with joy as they wander by.

Come, Julia, dear, for the sprouting willows,

The opening flowers, and gleaming brooks,

And hollows green in the sun are waiting

Their dower of beauty from thy glad looks.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

## ABSOLVO TE.

*Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.*—Luke vii. 50.

ONE priest alone can pardon me,

Or bid me "Go in peace;"

Can breathe that word, *Absolvo te*,

And make these heart-throbs cease;

My soul has heard his priestly voice,

It said, "I bore thy sins—rejoice!"—1 Pet. ii.

24.

He showed the spear-mark in his side,

The nail-print on his palm;

Said, "Look on me, the Crucified.

Why tremble thus? Be calm!

All power is mine—I set thee free;

Be not afraid—*Absolvo te*."—Isa. xiv. 24

In chains of sin once tied and bound,

I walk in life and light;

Each spot I tread is hallowed ground,

Whilst Him I keep in sight

Who died a victim on the tree

That He might say, *Absolvo te*.—1 John i. 7.

By Him my soul is purified,

Once leprous and defiled;

Cleansed by the water from His side,

God sees me as a child:

No priest can heal or cleanse but he:

No other say, *Absolvo te*.—Matt. viii. 3.

He robed me in a priestly dress,

That I might incense bring

Of prayer, and praise, and righteousness,

To heaven's Eternal King;

And when he gave this robe to me,

He smiled and said, *Absolvo te*.—Zach. iii. 4, 6.

In heaven He stands before the throne,

The great High Priest above;

Melchisedec—that name alone

Can sin's dark stain remove;

To Him I look on bended knee;

And hear that sweet *Absolvo te*.—Heb. viii. 1.

A girded Levite here below,

I willing service bring,

And fain would tell to all I know

Of Christ, the Priestly King;

Would win all hearts from sin to flee,

And hear him say, *Absolvo te*.—1 John ii. 1.

"A little while," and he shall come

Forth from the inner shrine,

To call his pardoned brethren home.

O, bliss supreme, divine!

When every blood-bought child shall see

The Priest who said, *Absolvo te*.—Heb. ix. 28.

## SOLITUDE.

ALONE, alone, and all alone!

What could more lonely be?

'Neath the mist-wove pall of a dull gray night,

On a treeless shore and bare;

Nor winds' low sigh,

Nor sea-birds' cry,

Stirring the stagnant air;

And only one dim beacon-light

Far twinkling o'er the sea.

And the wave that raved but yesternight,

So blustering and so wild,

Is smooth and faint, and crestless quite,

And breaks on the sand as faint and slight

As the whispers of a child.

Alone, alone, and all alone,

By the sad and silent sea,

On one far-twinkling beacon-light

I look out through the lonely night,

And only God with me!

—*Poems, by Professor Blackie.*